THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1861.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2021.

MOTHER AND SON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Joyous young mother, smile!
Smile, for your boy is fair;
Look in his laughing eyes,
Smooth back his silken hair.
Gather him close in your arms,
Cherish your darling boy;
Lay his young head on your breast;
Now is your hour of joy.

Pale, anxious mother, weep!
Weep, as you say good-bye
To the manly youth at your side,
Who leaves you with scarce a sigh.
Out in the world he goes,
Smiling at all your fears;
You can do nothing but weep,
Now is your hour of tears.

Desolate mother, pray!
Pray, as a mother can:
For the loved one far away,
The child, the youth, the man.
Why does he tarry so long?
Why did he ever go?
Desolate mother, weep,
Now is your hour of woe. ALICE.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XLIII.

Old Pengreep, who opened his chamber-door with such abrupt swiftness, did it, withal, so noiselessly that it appeared as if he had accomplished it by supernatural agency, and he stood in the dusky doorway more like a grim spectre than a benevolent money-lender.

Pharisee felt desperately sick at heart on being brought so suddenly and so unexpectedly face to face with him; and being naturally of a superstitious turn—a play of the imagination which was heightened by his occasional residences at Kingswood Hall—he for the moment did not entertain a doubt but that a goblin warder, keeping watch over the secret receptacles for important documents belonging to old Pengreep, had appeared to stop him and his bride elect from carrying out their pilfering intention.

He shut his eyes, felt his head spinning round, while a roaring singing filled his ears, and he was oppressed with a painful difficulty of breathing.

His partner in the purposed theft was no less convulsed for the moment with fright than Pharisee. But though, according to all authorities, she was the weaker vessel, she was the first to recover herself.

She rose up, and setting her wig in order, grinned spitefully in old Pengreep's face.

"Pengreep," she exclaimed, in a husky voice, "you are a fool!"

"A fool!" he echoed, marvelling, and grinning back at her savagely.

"Yes, to frighten us so," she responded.

He pounced upon her, and nipped hold of a piece of her arm.

"What were you doing at my door?" he shouted in her ear.

She screamed, and her cork-screw curls oscillated violently.

"Nothing," she cried, rapidly, "nothing! Oh, you tiger—you voracious wolf—you hyena—you are tearing my arms to shreds!"

"What were you doing at my door?" he repeated, in a furious tone.

"He—ah—oh!" yelled the gaunt lady, as he renewed his brutal pinch, and in rapid accents added—"I was a—just peeping through the keyhole to see if you were at home. Mr. Thingumbob here wanted to speak with you, but I did not know whether you were in or out, and we both came up together to ascertain, that's all."

Miss Virgo writhed like an eel all the time she spoke, and ultimately dragged her arm, by a furious exertion, from the pincer-like talons of the savage old man. He looked at her with an expression on his remarkable features singularly characteristic of disbelief, and then he turned with an inquiring look to Pharisee.

Lord Kingswood's valet had risen from his crouching posture, and now stood in a kind of crest-fallen attitude. Conscious guilt told him that he had been detected on the eve of committing a mean and dishonorable act, and he had an unpleasant impression that Pengreep had a very shrewd suspicion of the truth.

With nervous apprehension he awaited his turn for cross examination. One fact, however, tended to relieve his terror, and that was, that he had now no doubt but that he was confronting Pengreep in the flesh, and not spectra'ly. His quick ears, too, caught the excuse rendered by Miss Virgo, his bride elect, and he thought it afforded him a fair foundation to found a lie upon, and consequently he assumed an appearance of self-possession which he was far from feeling.

"Oh, you want to see me, do you?" snapped old Pengreep.

"Ye-yes —yo-yes—of course," stammered Pharisee, starting on being abruptly addressed.

"Then why don't you come in a proper way; not sneak up the stairs and fumble about the keyhole, as if you'd got a skeleton key, and intended to pick the lock, and then creep into my room and look for papers—important papers—papers of enormous value to Lord Kingswood, and when you had secured them to bolt with them—eh? Why did you come up here in such a fashion as that?" inquired old Pengreep, laying a very significant stress upon his words.

Pharisee looked up at him under his shaggy eyebrows. It was plain that Pengreep had a very strong inkling of the object of his and Virgo's joint visit; but though that was a rather painful surmise, he inwardly resolved not to betray by word or look that he perceived it.

"You are strange people here," he said, affecting a smile. "On my first appearance here your charming relative there took me for a begging-letter impostor, and now you further honor me by supposing that I have paid you a second visit with the intention of stealing papers about which I was under an apparent, an—a delusion, it seems—that I had come to negotiate."

Old Pengreep showed his fanged teeth in a silent laugh.

Then he turned to Miss Virgo, who was engaged in softly rubbing her bruised arm, and he said to her—

"Now, Virgo, that you know me to be at home—and in full possession of all my faculties—you may retire to your underground grotto with a happy and contented mind. If I should ring the bell, mind," he added, "it will be for hot water—you know, Virgo, boiling hot water."

A cold thrill went through Pharisee's frame as he heard the last words, and he mentally resolved to submit with less struggling to a dose of molten lead than he would to another libation of Pengreep's singularly fine old Cognac.

Miss Virgo gazed at her relative. She screwed up her eyelids until the eyeballs became invisible, and she grated her teeth audibly. She gave a little vicious nod with her head, and descended, with a grim, savage expression on her features to her grotto in the basement story.

Old Pengreep touched Pharisee on the arm, and then pointed to his own apartment, without uttering a word. Pretty much as a prisoner enters a cell from which he has but small hopes of escaping did Pharisee enter the room. Yet, notwithstanding his inward dread, he resolved, as far as he could control his facial muscles and his bearing, to appear to be quite at ease.

His fear of Pengreep was a species of instinct—there was nothing in the appearance of the old man or in the situation in which he was placed really to alarm him; nevertheless, he felt a strange terror possess him, and he looked forward to his departure from this abode on Gray's Mount as a period of relief from danger which could not come too soon.

PENGREEP'S SUDDEN APPEARANCE.

He sneaked rather than walked into the room, and in spite of his wish to seem at home, he sidled to a chair and sat down upon its edge. Pengreep closed the door with a bang, turned the key in the lock, and, withdrawing it, put it into his pocket.

All the time his sharp, piercing, rat-like eyes were fixed on the face of Pharisee. The latter shifted his eyes in every direction with a quick, restless, uneasy movement; yet he affected a laugh.

"You are looking me up as if I were a treasure," he said, in a voice husky by the excitement he was inwardly suffering.

Pengreep laughed too.

"I expect you will prove one to me," he answered.

"I thought you were disagreeably surprised to see me again," observed Pharisee, with an effort at pleasantry, as Pengreep seated himself exactly opposite to him, and so closely, that their knees almost touched.

"Oh, no—oh, dear no," returned Pengreep; "I knew you would come again—I was sure you would; I could not, therefore, feel surprised. You only bought a little from me, and I knew how much more there was to come. Surprised at your coming? Oh, no! I should have been greatly astonished if you had not come."

"Why?" asked Pharisee, with an uncomfortable impression that something had happened on his last visit here, during the time he was intoxicated, which it would much vex him to hear.

Pengreep laughed with a kind of savage glee. "Bad memory?" he asked.

"A—no," returned Pharisee, thoughtfully; "that is to say, if, by any extraordinary accident, I get betrayed into a state of excitement through the influence of mixtures to which I am not accustomed, I—I—am afraid my memory plays me a treacherous trick or two."

"You mean if you happen to get drunk," coarsely rejoined Pengreep.

Pharisee threw up both hands. "Don't speak in those terms," he exclaimed, hastily; "I was never in such a condition."

"Except on the occasion when you honored me with a first visit," responded Pengreep. "Then you drank of my genuine old cordial like a fish, and you got warmed with it; the generous liquor brought out the generosity of your nature; and you, like an open-hearted creature—though I suspect not always open-mouthed—you put me into possession of the secrets you must hold dearest and nearest to your very soul, for they compromise your actual existence."

Pharisee jumped to his feet and pressed his temples wildly with his hands. What had he disclosed? He had not the slightest remembrance of having uttered a sentence which would compromise himself. Then a thought flashed through his brain. He caught hold of Pengreep's collar. "My papers."

Pengreep rose, and with a sudden dash with his fists, threw off Pharisee's hold of him.

He pushed him violently back into his seat, and exclaimed—"Sit down and be quiet."

"But," cried Pharisee, struggling to rise, "I have lost papers of the greatest importance to me, and you have them."

"Sit still," cried Pengreep, between his teeth, "and speak quietly, and then we will discuss this matter."

"But the papers," persisted Pharisee. "You have them."

"Who told you that I have them?" asked Pengreep.

Pharisee fancied that at this instant he heard a slight cough outside the door. No doubt Miss Virgo was there, and he felt that he dared not reveal what had transpired between him and her. He therefore said—

"Told me—told me. You told me."

"I?" almost shouted Pengreep. "Ah sure!"

"Did you not say that you were in possession of my greatest secrets?" interrogated Pharisee.

"Granted," replied Pengreep.

"Then you could not be acquainted with them unless you had obtained and examined those papers," he rejoined, "for they contain matters of the greatest possible moment to me."

"No papers could contain matters of more importance or moment to you than what you yourself revealed to me," replied Pengreep. "Do you not remember?" he exclaimed, elevating his voice. "Think, man, think; reflect a minute. Oh! but they are brave secrets, and ought to be worth a little fortune."

Pharisee, like one stupified, placed his hands to his forehead; but, though he strove to recall all that had taken place between him and Pengreep upon his previous visit, his memory halted just where the drinking commenced.

"I will give you a clue to it, for you seem at fault," he exclaimed, rising up. "I have something here which will perhaps help you."

He advanced to a talk near to the door, and taking up a small bottle which appeared to be filled with Scotch snuff, he shuffled a portion of the contents through the keyhole.

Immediately there rose on the night air of agony without, followed by a rapid succession of violent sneezes, and presently a foot was heard to descend the stairs, stumbling cautiously, as though its owner, blinded, was attempting to grope the way down stairs, filled with a conviction that the proper time had arrived to seek the recesses of the subterranean grotto.

Pengreep listened to the echoes of the departing footsteps attentively, and then with the air of one who had performed with grace a noble action, he returned to Pharisee, who sat gazing his thumb-nail, a prey to the most disturbing conjectures.

As he seated himself, he fixed his bright, small, black eye upon him, and said,

"Well, what do you remember?"

"Nothing," groaned Pharisee.

"That is hardly possible," returned Pengreep.

"And yet it is true," rejoined Pharisee, impatiently. "Tell me what I said. You promised to give me a clue."

"So I will," replied Pengreep. "Let me There, you cannot fail to remember now."

"I do not comprehend you," ejaculated Pharisee, emphatically. "You must be plain, explicit with me,—surmises and suggestions are useless. Let me know the worst at once."

"At last we come to business," exclaimed Pengreep. "Mr. Pharisee, I have you in my power, under my thumb, beneath my heel, for I can crush you at any moment. I know all, all, all!"

"All!" faltered Pharisee, striving still to wear the air of one rather injured than seeking to injure, "what do you mean by 'all,' uttered in such a tone!"

"This," cried Pengreep, "that you are honey on the surface of poison, that you hate malignantly the man you serve, that you have wormed yourself into his confidence that you may stab him in the back when your time shall come—that you love his wife. You, a barber and man-midd, love a high-born and beautiful lady! You, a dunghill viper, raise your eyes to a fair and brilliant creature; and that you, at this moment, are fostering and promoting an intrigue between the woman that you love and a noble marquis that you—"

"Hold—hold! for mercy's sake, hold!" cried the terrified Pharisee. "It is not possible that I could have made such statements as you assert."

"Not possible," retorted Pengreep, with a forbidding grin. "You not only cleared your breast to me of these not very savory morsels, but you forced upon me proofs which I candidly inform you I mean to retain so long as they are likely to be of value to me."

Pharisee groaned.

"The papers I have missed," he murmured.

"Are in my possession, I admit," returned Pengreep. "You would give me proofs of the devoted friendship you had suddenly conceived for me, and you placed them in my charge; there they will remain, as I have told you, until my peculiar object—one I have entertained and clung to with tenacity many a long year—is accomplished."

"What object?" asked Pharisee, unconscious of the question he put, for he was completely overwhelmed by Pengreep's disclosure.

"My friendship for you, Mr. Pharisee, has not yet reached that point of devotion which would urge me to communicate it to you," returned Pengreep, "but I will admit this much to you, that you can greatly assist me, and I can assist you. We are both working in one direction, and to some extent, with a common purpose. I will, therefore, promise you this, that I will lend you my aid to accomplish what I know to be nearest to your heart. I will keep your secret safely and closely. I will work harmoniously with you, but for this you must do what I require of you—you must obey me, and carry out my views and my instructions to the letter. However false and treacherous you may be to others, you must, for the sake of your very life, be true to me, and, in return, I will, as I have said, help you to information of which you stand in need, and which Lady Kingswood, or no one more than her lord, burns to know. Come, is it a compact?"

He held out his bony, withered hand as he spoke.

Pharisee now instantly that he was completely in this strange old man's power, that to resist him was to court destruction, while to keep on good terms with him would, for a time at least, keep off the terrible consequences of his indiscretion, and possibly his own crafty astuteness, carefully exercised, might enable him to turn the tables upon the old man who had thus far so cleverly outwitted him.

"There is my hand," he said, grasping the withered hand extended to him. "Without admitting to be true all that you have advanced, I am still aware that you can be of great service to me, and I have no doubt I can to you, and I will. That I will play my part honestly to you, you have no need to fear; that you will do so to me, I have no doubt—nor, in fact, we cannot afford to be false to each other. Now, as you confess that I have proved to you the devoted character of my friendship for you, you will afford me a proof of your good disposition towards me and the faithful manner in which you mean to perform your part of our compact by repeating to me the story you told me respecting Lord Kingswood's private marriage, the child which was the result of it, and other particulars which at that time you failed to supply."

"At another time," answered Pengreep.—"Not now. Lord Kingswood wishes to see me."

"He would prefer that whatever you have to communicate should come through me," replied Pharisee, rather hastily.

Pengreep mused.

"At first," he said, musingly, "that was my view of the matter; now I have altered my opinion, and shall prefer having an interview with him myself, and alone."

"So that you may be able to secure the sum his lordship may feel disposed to pay for the secrets you profess to be able to disclose to him?"

"Or the amount I may choose to demand for them," returned Pengreep, with an unpleasant grin. "Oh, never fear," he added, with a scowl, "it is not my intention, my friend, to deprive you of your rights. You shall have your full share of the rewards to be obtained."

"It is not money, it is not money that I care so much about," muttered Pharisee, "but revenge,—revenge! a revenge I can glut myself with."

"That is exactly the reward I am seeking—revenge!" rejoined old Pengreep. "An ample, full, complete, and entire revenge!"

"You!" ejaculated Pharisee, with surprise.

"I? Why not I?" asked Pengreep, sharply. "Do you think I have not had my share of scoff, of taunt, of cuff, of insult? Do you think I have had no youth—no love—no human feeling? Do you suppose I would receive a blow more tamely than a dog takes a kick? Do you conceive that a suppressed growl never means a future fatal bite? I seek for revenge, I tell you. I have nourished it, cherished it, worked for it for years, and I shall have it! Oh! but I shall have it!"

"Upon whom would you revenge yourself?" asked Pharisee, with surprise.

"Aha! aha!" gurgled old Pengreep, with a savage glee; "upon one who will feel it when the blow falls from my hand, and he shall know that mine is the hand that strikes, like the fiery-hot blast which kills with blistering, suffocating convulsions. A spider, a thing that crawls and creeps, can slay with its sting—mine shall be as poisonous and as deadly."

He gnashed his teeth together, and opened and shut his hands with a spasmodic working, which betrayed how passionately vindictive his emotions were.

"But who is this?" again repeated Pharisee.

"Oh, you shall know all in good time," answered Pengreep, suddenly restoring himself to his usual manner. "We must proceed to business. It is astonishing how much time is lost in desultory conversations. Come, let us see how we stand. You and I have entered into a compact each to serve the other, while to a certain extent our interests, as well as our objects, are identical. Well, you have to begin first to act, because you are in the position to do so. Firstly, then, it is quite in unison with my plans that your designs should succeed. If there is one way more effectual than another to utterly wreck the haughty, overbearing, proud Lord Kingswood's peace of mind, and to humble him to the dust, it is that."

"Now," continued Pengreep, "let me know what has occurred between my Lord of Kingswood and you, and between Lady Kingswood and yourself, since we met. No reserves, if you please; you will remember that you are, body and soul, tightly gripped in my power."

Pharisee could not help a slight shudder passing through his frame, and with some reluctance, and also a few reserves, he recounted his last interview with Lord Kingswood, and also that with Lady Kingswood in the picture-gallery.

Old Pengreep's face curled up into the most fantastic wrinkles as he listened, and when Pharisee had concluded, he rubbed his hands together with apparent satisfaction.

"Have you got the letter to the Marquis of Chillingham with you?" he inquired.

"I have," replied Pharisee.

"Let me look at it," requested Pengreep.

"What for?" interrogated Pharisee.

"Let me look at it," sternly repeated Pengreep.

Pharisee withdrew it from his pocket-book and handed it to old Pengreep, who scrutinized it with very great attention. At length he looked up and said, sharply—

"Where is the original?"

"Original!" repeated Pharisee, his face becoming more sallow than ever, "why there it is, you have it in your hand."

"Oh, dear no, oh, no," responded Pengreep

"this is only a copy; you take care of the originals, you know. I believe you have not the hardihood to deny that, I am acquainted with that fact?"

Pharisee's brow lowered.

"You want, I suppose, to know the contents of that note," he answered, evasively.

"Well, yes, my curiosity leads me to that extent," replied Pengregg.

"I can tell them to you; I suppose that will do?" rejoined Pharisee, a little sullenly.

Pengregg laid his hand upon his knee, and looked up into his eyes.

"If I am to be bound to credit your asseveration that you will repeat them truthfully, you," he said.

"Oh, I will not falsify or conceal anything," answered Pharisee, and then repeated the contents of the note entrusted to him by Lady Kingswood.

Pengregg remained for a moment plunged in thought. Then he inquired—

"When were you to deliver this note?"

"To-night, at nine," returned Pharisee.

"It approaches that hour," said Pengregg. "You must deliver the note and get the reply."

"Is there time?" asked Pharisee.

"We will make it," answered Pengregg, rising up. "It is clear that, since an intrigue between the Marquis and Lady Kingswood has fairly commenced, they have not met alone. That meeting must take place."

"Not for worlds!" cried Pharisee, excitedly. "I will prevent it. I should become frantic if it took place. She must be mine—mine—mine only."

"Pshaw! they must meet, and alone," persisted Pengregg. "The clandestine meeting shall be interrupted—but not by you."

"By whom?" exclaimed Pharisee.

"Lord Kingswood!" rejoined Pengregg, in a hissing tone.

"That would be fatal to my hopes," cried Pharisee, with nervous anxiety.

"Peace! we will discuss that hereafter," interposed Pengregg. "At present we will make our way to the Marquis of Chillingham's, and afterwards, I presume, you are to see Lady Kingswood."

"At two hours past midnight," replied Pharisee.

"Where?" asked Pengregg.

"In the picture-gallery," was the reply.

"Alone, of course?" suggested Pengregg.

"Alone," returned Pharisee.

"Thus will do," said Pengregg. "Descend, my friend, and await me in the parlor below. I will reclin you in a few minutes; then we will obtain a vehicle, and I will conduct you by a near way to the residence of the Marquis of Chillingham."

"Give me that note back," said Pharisee. "You will remember that I alone can deliver it."

Pengregg grinned.

"You are careless of the custody of notes, my friend," he said. "I will take care of it until the proper moment, then I will restore it to you for delivery. Be pleased to descend, for we have no time to spare."

Pharisee grated his teeth together as Pengregg unlocked the door for him, and descended with stumbling step the dark, winding staircase, hearing, to his dismay, old Pengregg close his chamber-door, and lock himself within it before he had reached half way down.

CHAPTER XLIV

Pharisee entered the parlor to which he had been directed, and wherein the fond Albertina Virgo and himself had arranged the preliminaries of a marriage, which he inwardly determined should never take place, and she secretly resolved should, with a mind full of misgivings.

Not alone that he felt that he had been placed by Pengregg *hors de combat*.

Naturally cunning, artful, sleek, reserved—keeping locked within his mind his future intentions, his designs, his hopes, and anticipations—he had for years proceeded undetected, unsuspected, and gradually approaching the goal to which he was directing his steps.

Since he had met with Pengregg his astuteness seemed suddenly to have left him. He was still shrewd, deep, and disposed to be reticent; but this mysterious old man with whom he had got so strangely connected appeared to turn his secret repositories inside out, and with ease to possess himself of all he was most desirous to keep hidden from him. Pharisee felt like a mere tool in his hands—a child, a toy—and what was worse, so entirely in his power, that any attempt to destroy the connection already formed would be to place himself in a worse position.

He had obtained by some subtle process all the papers without which the whole of Pharisee's years of scheming and plotting were thrown away, and he had got possession of Lady Kingswood's note, with which, for some purpose Pharisee could not divine, he had locked himself in his chamber.

While Pharisee, vexed, perplexed, chafing, was revolving these thoughts, a hand was placed softly upon his shoulder. He started with affright, and turned round.

Before him he beheld Albertina Virgo, her face half enveloped in a huge red cotton handkerchief, and her eyes and eyelids evidently in a frightful state of inflammation. The red cotton handkerchief was pressed against her mouth and nostrils to prevent any sounds she might make being heard beyond the room in which they stood.

She raised up a finger to caution him, and said, in a low, but husky voice—

"Don't say a word, but—awish!—listen to me. If he overhears us we are both—awish!—done for; he'll poison us both as sure as I am a—awish!—weak, foolish creature to be fond of you, for I am so, suddenly and violently. Do you see the—awish!—state—awish!—I am in? The—awish! awish! awish!—wretch flung half-a-pound of—awish!—snuff into my eyes, and only—awish! awish!—looking to see that he didn't intend to pison you. Oh, won't I—awish! awish!—pay him out for this—awish! But I have not time to—awish!—speak of that now; all I have to say is—awish! awish!—is, don't forget our bargain. I shan't, and I'll—awish! keep my part of it, my—awish!—dear—awish! Mind me, he means to—awish!—to make a fool of you, ruin you, destroy you, but he shan't, for I'll—awish!—I'll play him a double game, Pharisee, my own—awish!—love and darling, I have—ha! ha! if he only knew it—I have got—awish! a—a—a—oh!—I have got a master key which will open all his places. I will—awish! awish!—get for you all your papers, and restore them to you. Be careful not to—awish!—say one word more to him than you can help. Don't—awish!—don't set him at defiance, but—awish! awish;—cozen him, cheat him, gaggle him—seem to—awish! awish!—agree with all he says to you, but don't—awish!—really and come to me as soon as you can. Come about ten at night, and—awish!—don't knock, but—awish!—whistle! and then I'll let you in. I will have all the papers for you, and we will settle then the hour at which we will—awish!—get a license the following morning, and be—awish! awish!—married, my—awish! awish! awish!—angel—awish! Hush!—awish!—be cautious—awish! We'll both—awish! awish!—trick him yet—awish! By-bye, pet! Here he—awish!—comes!"

She flung her arms suddenly around his neck, and sneezing in his face, kissed him vigorously. Giving him a parting shower, she released herself, and glided through a partially opened folding-door into the adjoining apartment, drawing the door behind her.

Almost at the same moment Pengregg popped his head in at the door of the room, and with singular celerity opened the folding-door, and looked within. He was an instant too late. The sneezing maiden had sunk noiselessly into her grotto.

Pengregg returned, and, glaring in Pharisee's face, said, with a very suspicious grin—

"Alone—quite alone?"

Pharisee looked round the room with an indifferent gaze.

"It appears so," he said.

"My Virgo—my watch-dog—did not pop up to see that you did not pocket any ornament to which you might take a fancy? Oh, but my Virgo is very mistrustful," suggested Pengregg.

"I don't know where she is," returned Pharisee. "I know, however, that if we delay, there will be no interview with the Marquis of Chillingham to-night."

"You are wise and thoughtful. Come along," exclaimed Pengregg.

Opening the street-door hastily, he led the way into the street.

Pharisee observed that he had changed his attire. His body was clothed in a suit of superfine black cloth, glossy and smooth, as if new. His overcoat had a black velvet collar, and the skirts reached nearly to his ankles; upon his head he wore a broad-brimmed hat, and over his eyes were a pair of broad, brown spectacles.

"You are disguised," said Pharisee to him, when they got outside.

"My walking dress when I wait on high people," answered Pengregg. "High people, my dear friend, need pecuniary assistance at times like people in very humble condition, but then they have the advantage of offering very tangible security. I could—but I don't do such things—point out to you a Duchess who appears at Court receptions in very superb jewelry, of most exquisite workmanship, the brilliants, the emeralds, the rubies, the pearls, the topazes, are all the handicraft of French lapidaries in real glass, and the gold is the best mosaic, while in one of my chests the original Simon Pures rest snugly, and will rest until the small sums I have advanced upon them are paid. I pay my visits to them for my interest in this costume, and it is thought very genteel, I assure you."

Pharisee did not like this preamble, but he said nothing. A cab was obtained, and the promise of a double amount of fare induced the driver to place the lives of several of Her Majesty's liege subjects in danger, and to deposit Pengregg and Pharisee a few doors from the magnificent mansion of the Marquis of Chillingham.

Here the cab-driver was dismissed, and then Pengregg said abruptly to his companion,

"Give me the card which was to obtain you admission to the Marquis's presence."

"To you? Certainly not," returned Pharisee. "I want Lady Kingswood's note back, which I merely placed in your hands to look at, and without which it would be utterly useless for me to seek an interview with the Marquis."

"I will see him for you," replied Pengregg. "I understand all these little matters so much better than you do. Give me the card."

"I'll die first," exclaimed Pharisee, furiously.

A church bell tolled nine o'clock.

"Hark!" said Pengregg, "the hour has arrived. Give me the card, or accept this alternative. While you are trying to see the Marquis, and I will give you up the note to assist you, I will proceed to my Lord Kingswood's and prepare him to receive you on your return with the answer. I don't trifle with anybody. It is not my intention to commence with you. One single further objection to my plan, and I put my threat into instant execution. Speak—decide—I cannot wait! To hesitate now is to lose the great advantage which is wooing us with open arms."

Pharisee groaned. He was mesh'd, gyved, shackled; he could not help himself, and he gave up the card. Pengregg clutched it, and said, quickly, in an undertone,

"Await me here. You shall know all that passes between myself and Lord Chillingham, and that will give you all the power you will require in the time to come."

He hurried to the mansion-gate, rang the bell, and in another minute, Pharisee saw him disappear within the gates, while he had to gnaw his knuckles in the cold, and to wait the result of an interview in which he had expected to play so important a part.

In the meanwhile, as Pharisee paced up and down the cold streets, Pengregg made his way into the large hall of Chillingham House, and asking for the Marquis's confidential servant, he, upon his appearing, entrusted him with the card, affecting an air of mystery as he did so.

The proud and pampered fellow took the card, and examined it through a gold eye-glass, and then, with half-closed eyes, closely examined Pengregg. When quite satisfied with an inspection which seemed mightily to amuse Pengregg, he said,

"Follow me!"

Pengregg instantly perceived that Lady Kingswood's messenger had been expected, and he shuffled after the servant with more alacrity than he perhaps would have done, because he was rather afraid there would be one or two impediments thrown in his way which Pharisee would easily have surmounted, but which he, a stranger, would have found it difficult to overcome.

He was conducted through several chambers, until, at length, one being reached, the servant said, laconically,

"Wait here."

He pointed to a seat. Pengregg sat down, and the servant then disappeared through an opposite door. A few minutes had only elapsed, when the servant re-appeared again, and motioned Pengregg to follow him. He complied, and was then ushered through a short passage into a comparatively small apartment, furnished as a study, but fitted also with every luxury which could contribute to ease, indolence, or comfort. Seated in an arm-chair, intently perusing some written document, was the Marquis of Chillingham. He did not even raise his eyes when Pengregg entered, nor appear to hear the silky tones of his servant, as the latter said—

"The private messenger, my lord Marquis."

Accustomed to this inattention, the servant retired, and Pengregg was left alone with the icy, frigid nobleman.

The Marquis continued to peruse the paper without heeding Pengregg's presence, and the old man, acquainted with the characteristics of such men as the Marquis, remained motionless, using, however, his eyes, and taking notes through his spectacles of everything he beheld.

Not a sound, save the ticking of the superb timepiece upon the marble chimney-slab, was to be heard in the room, and Pengregg absolutely started when the Marquis, suddenly laying the paper he had been reading upon the table, said, in a low, cold tone,

"Come this way."

Pengregg stood before him, and the cold, blue eyes of the Marquis settled on his form. They betrayed the faintest indication of surprise, and then resumed their accustomed glassy immobility.

"You are the bearer of this card?" he said, holding the one Pharisee had resigned to him before him.

Pengregg bowed.

"You have a communication for me?" he added.

"I have, my lord Marquis," he replied, and produced Lady Kingswood's letter, or rather Pharisee's substitute for it.

The Marquis took it from him, and opened it with deliberate calmness.

He perused its contents without a muscle of his face exhibiting the slightest alteration. He only played with his mustachoes, as though its contents occasioned him food for thought. After he had read and re-read the lines a dozen times, he turned his lustrous eyes upon Pengregg, and said,

"Who entrusted you with this note?"

Pengregg hesitated for a moment. He did not like to be too ready with the answer.

"Why do you pause?" asked the Marquis, with a settled gaze upon him.

"My mission is a confidential one," observed Pengregg.

"Justly so," responded the Marquis; "a confidential mission to me. Hence I ask, who entrusted you with this note?"

"A lady," returned Pengregg cautiously.

"Clearly so," rejoined the Marquis. "What lady?"

Pengregg looked about him, and, dropping his voice to a whisper, said,

"Lady Kingswood."

"That will do," he resumed, adding, as if soliloquising, "anyone might have sent it; the confirmation was requisite."

Again a silence ensued, and the ticking of the timepiece was alone heard. Presently the Marquis said, abruptly,

"Are you of her ladyship's household?"

"No," returned Pengregg.

"No" echoed the Marquis, quickly. "How came her ladyship to entrust you with this note?"

"Her ladyship knows me to be trustworthy," responded Pengregg.

"At a fixed price," observed the Marquis, with a curled lip.

"Her ladyship is liberal," responded Pengregg, with a grim smile.

"Hem!" coughed the Marquis. "I suppose your trustworthiness increases with an elevated scale of prices?"

"A great minister, my lord Marquis, laid it down as an axiom that every man has his price," returned Pengregg.

The Marquis looked at him furtively, but made no comment upon his observation. After a pause, he inquired,

"How long have you been known to Lady Kingswood?"

"I have been very closely acquainted with the family and its secrets from the marriage of Lady Kingswood to Lord Kingswood; indeed, I have known his lordship a yet longer period."

"Indeed!" remarked the Marquis, very calmly, "so long. Um! By the way, you mentioned, I think, the secrets of the Kingswood family as being known to you. Pray, what are they?"

"Your lordship must excuse my returning no answer to that question," replied Pengregg.

"Excuse you," responded the Marquis, with a faint smile; "purchase you, you mean. These family secrets are troublesome affairs; I am rather rejoiced—at least, I have an impression that I am rejoiced—that there are no such things clinging to the Chillingham. Look you! I am aware that you have been selected to fulfil a confidential position. I have, I think, a proper sense of your trustworthiness, and can, if disposed, reward it liberally. There are one or two questions I should like to put to you, and if you can answer them at all, I will pay you well, but if to my satisfaction, your reward shall be exceedingly handsome."

Pengregg bowed very low in reply.

The Marquis continued, saying—

"You assert that you for many years have been acquainted with the Kingswoods of Kingswood, and with their secrets—"

"And with the traditions of their House, my lord Marquis," added Pengregg.

The Marquis waved his hand.

"I care nothing for their traditions," he said. "I want to know as much as I can learn respecting a youth who appeared suddenly and strangely at Kingswood Hall, and disappeared as mysteriously. He is now, I believe, with equal mystery surrounding him, located with an old friend of mine."

The Marquis paused.

"Horace Vernon, Esq., of Huntingford Chace, Gloucester, and Eaton Square, London," exclaimed Pengregg. "The name of the young gentleman of whom you speak is Gower—Mr. Erle Gower."

"The very person," said the Marquis; "that is the name he assumes."

"The name he assumes, my lord Marquis!" repeated Pengregg.

Again the Marquis turned a searching look upon Pengregg. He felt an intuitive dislike to the man, but he could not deny to himself that he appeared to be just the creature to make himself acquainted with secrets, and to sell them to the highest bidder. He was, therefore, an individual to be very cautious in dealing with, but the Marquis fancied that he knew, if he were to have any transactions with him, how to secure himself against any treachery this person might attempt.

"You know this boy's history?" he observed, exhibiting a little more interest than he had hitherto displayed.

"I do," replied Pengregg.

"And will relate it to me?" subjoined the Marquis.

"That, my lord Marquis, is a proposition which demands very serious consideration," returned Pengregg, rubbing his hands over and over again.

"The consideration of its worth to you," replied the Marquis. "It can matter little to you what effect its revelation to me can have on the parties most interested in its being kept secret."

"I am afraid, my lord Marquis, that I do not view the question in that light," responded Pengregg, as if thoughtfully.

"I will simplify the question for you," returned the Marquis. "You have, I suspect, picked up the information you possess piecemeal from one source and another, at different periods, with great ingenuity and considerable perseverance; in fact, you have not been made the confidential depository of a secret or secrets, but you have unravelled them for yourself."

"Your lordship's discernment is faultless," returned Pengregg, with a bow. "I have obtained all for myself, and by myself alone, and unaided."

"Precisely," ejaculated the Marquis. "And it is my intention to do the same, only in another way. I will pay to you a very handsome sum for certain information. I shall make use of that information for purposes personal to myself. I shall not communicate to any person breathing from what person or in what manner I have obtained possession of the strange history. It will be enough that I know it, and that I am in a position to prove my assertions. You, my friend, can be in no degree compromised while you make a good market for what you have collected, leaving open to you also other opportunities of making pecuniary use of the same material. To be brief, name you price, produce your proofs, and the money shall be yours."

Old Pengregg's scalp vibrated, his jawbones ached, he had a singing in the ears, golden money-bags danced before his eyes; but with the vision of bank notes floating like snow-flakes amid a golden shower of sovereigns, he perceived a cold, pallid, stern countenance, with a rigid inflexible expression upon it, which, as soon as it developed itself amid the hall of golden coin, brought large globules of cold perspiration in clusters upon his forehead.

He gasped, and coughed, and spluttered, and then making an effort to recover himself, he said—

"I have no proofs with me, but I can furnish them at a future time, but I shall be able without them to prove to you that I am no impostor. Your lordship has mentioned a friend of yours, Horace Vernon, Esq."

"You repeated the name," observed the Marquis, carelessly.

"He was, however, your lordship's college friend and companion, in conjunction with Lord Kingswood," continued Pengregg.—"During that period, Mr. Vernon saved your lordship's life on the Thames, and in the hunting-field, and your lordship's hon—good na—"

"I understand you," interposed the Marquis, quickly, though haughtily. "Why do you refer to those events so long passed away?"

"Simply to prove to your lordship that I am acquainted with circumstances known but to very few, and that this knowledge proves my capability of giving you certain information, although I am temporarily unfurnished with documents to substantiate my statement."

The Marquis remained silent and thoughtful for a few minutes. He took up Lady Kingswood's letter and re-perused it. Then he laid it down again and mused.

"You know the history of this boy called Gower; give it me briefly. There is an earnest of my intentions."

As his lordship spoke, he opened a drawer in his library table, and took out a few bank-notes from a small pile placed there, and, crumpling them up, threw them to Pengregg.

Pengregg clutched the bank-notes, and thrust them into an inner pocket of his coat.

He gazed round him, and bent towards the Marquis of Chillingham.

"My lord Marquis," he said, in a whisper, "he is a son of Lord Kingswood, and is the rightful heir to the title and the estates."

The Marquis for the first time displayed excitement.

"Is this true?" he asked, in a very different tone to any he had hitherto used.

"It is true, my lord," answered Pengregg, solemnly, his face turning blue; for he fancied that an angry, pale face was confronting his own, and that the flashing of the menacing eyes boded him evil. Yet the crisp crackle of the notes within his breast-pocket urged him on, for they murmured of more to come.

"The facts briefly," exclaimed the Marquis, impatiently.

"Your friend, Mr. Vernon, years past, fell in love with a young and beautiful girl," returned Pengregg, quickly. "Lord Kingswood saw her, became enamored of her, and fled with her—married her."

"Married her, man! you are insane!" exclaimed the Marquis, with excitement.

"He married her, my lord. Sir Harris Stanhope knows that," repeated Pengregg.

"Ha!" muttered the Marquis; and then waving his hand, he said, "Proceed!"

"A child was born," continued Pengregg, "and, subsequently, stolen. The mother was tried for her life for murdering this child, but acquitted. She died; Lord Kingswood went abroad, married the present Lady Kingswood; the child stolen was recovered from its captors, brought up in secrecy, and was placed at Kingswood Hall for Lord Kingswood to do the best with him he might. Your lordship knows nearly all that has subsequently occurred."

The Marquis rose up and paced the apartment.

"There is truth in this," he muttered.

Then he paused and took up Lady Kingswood's letter, and again read it over. He turned to Pengregg.

"At what hour, and when, were you to deliver my answer to this note to Lady Kingswood?" he asked, abruptly.

"At two hours past midnight, in the picture gallery," replied Pengregg.

"Alone, her ladyship, of course, intended to meet you?" he suggested.

"Alone, my lord," was the reply.

"I will take my answer thither to her myself. You must contrive to admit me to the mansion and secrete me in the gallery. I will come disguised. I will hear no objections.—Your reward shall be great."

The Marquis uttered these sentences in a rapid and peremptory tone, and Pengregg, borne down by his manner, replied,

"At one hour past midnight, my lord, be at the servants' entrance, and I will admit you."

The Marquis of Chillingham, as he uttered the words, rang a bell upon the table sharply. He pointed to the door, and Pengregg, faint with heat, and dripping with moisture, bowed himself out of the apartment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SAND IN THE HOUR-GLASS.

It is a remarkable fact, that the flow of sand in the hour-glass is perfectly equable, whatever may be the quantity in the glass; that is, the sand runs no faster when the upper half of the glass is quite full than when it is nearly empty. It would, however, be natural enough to conclude that, when full of sand, it would be more swiftly urged through the aperture than when the glass was only a quarter full, and near the close of the hour.

The fact of the even flow of sand may be proved by a very simple experiment. Provide some silver sand, dry it over or before the fire, and pass it through a tolerably fine sieve. Then take a tube, of any length or diameter, closed at one end, in which make a small hole, say the eighth of an inch; stop this with a peg, and fill up the tube with the sifted sand. Hold the tube steadily, or fix it to a wall or frame, at any height from a table; remove the peg, and permit the sand to flow in any measure for any given time, and note the quantity. Then let the tube be emptied, and only half or a quarter filled with sand; measure again, for a like time, and the same quantity of sand will flow; even if you press the sand in the tube with a ruler or stick, the flow of the sand through the hole will not be increased.

The above is explained by the fact, that when the sand is poured into the tube, it fills it with a succession of conical heaps, and that all the weight which the bottom of the tube sustains, is only that of the heap which *first* falls upon it; as the succeeding heaps do not press downward, but only against the sides or walls of the tube.

RESISTANCE OF SAND.—From the above experiment it may be concluded, that it is extremely difficult to thrust sand out of a tube by means of a fitting plug or piston; and this, upon trial, is found to be the case. Fit a piston to a tube (exactly like a boy's popgun), pour some sand in, and try with the utmost strength of the arm to push out the sand. It will be found impossible to do this; rather than the sand should be shot out, the tube will burst at the sides.

GLASS BROKEN BY SAND.—If bullets be let fall on glass which has been cooled in the open air, they will not break it; but if a few grains of sand be let fall on the same kind of glass, it will be broken into a thousand pieces! This is explained by the lead not scratching the surface of the glass; whereas the sand, being sharp and angular, scratches sufficiently to break it.

☞ It is wiser and better to hold the torch of truth to the mind than the torch of persecution to the body.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

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For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order*.

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—*Our city subscribers would oblige us by either calling at the office and settling their accounts, or else sending the money by the post. The per centage that we have to pay collectors for collecting such small accounts, is a heavy tax upon us, and one which we hope our city subscribers will, as far as possible, save us.*

IRON VESSELS.

Whatever may be the ultimate decision respecting the value of iron vessels, it is certain that many shipbuilders still give the preference to the "wooden walls." Thus we see it stated recently that as many as a thousand decapitated rivets may often be found in the bottom of an iron hull after a few voyages—and that a smart kick with the foot is often sufficient in such cases to open an inlet for the sea. On the other hand, it is not to be denied that the English mercantile marine has been gaining on our own within the last ten years, and that this gain has been principally in iron propellers.

The omission in the recent Report of the Secretary of the American Navy, of all allusion to the subject of coating vessels of war with thick iron plates, has led to many surmises in England. What does it mean? say the London papers, that at a time when France and England are plunging into this new device of war—looking upon it as something absolutely essential to future success at sea—the American naval authorities seem to ignore the whole matter. Especially does this seem wonderful to them, when they remember that it was the American reports relative to the iron-cased floating battery for New York harbor, showing the ability of thick iron plates to resist the most powerful artillery, that first called the attention of the French and English authorities to the subject.

The true reason of the absence of all allusion to this new feature in naval architecture, is probably, however, the simple, however disgraceful one, of incompetency. Probably Mr. Toucey had neither any scientific or any practical knowledge of ships-of-war at the time he was called to the Secretaryship of the Navy—and probably his time, while in office, was more generally devoted to political and party matters, and to live-oak and other contracts, than to the proper performance of his official duties. In this way only can we understand his apparently total ignorance of the important changes in the construction of ships-of-war, now being so deeply pondered over in Europe.

A recent letter in the *London Times*, from Mr. J. Scott Russell, referring to this singular omission in Secretary Toucey's report, says:—

The explanation is the simplest possible. The entire mercantile steam navy of Great Britain, with the exception only of some old vessels, is of iron. The entire mercantile steam navy of America, without any exception known to me, is of wood. The reason is obvious. Timber is one of the staples of America, and we are obliged to import large quantities of it from America into England. Iron is the staple of England, and America is obliged to import large quantities of it from us. Hence, America builds timber vessels

far cheaper than we can. We build iron vessels far cheaper than America can. With those facts before us we can readily infer—1. That there are no establishments, manufactories, or skilled artificers in America prepared for the business of iron ship building. 2. That the introduction of iron in substitution for wood gives to England the country of iron) the means of attaining and maintaining an ascendancy over any other country in the matter of iron fleets. 3. We see why in wooden ships America had the advantage over us, and she had the wit to use it. 4. She now sees clearly that we have in future the advantage over her, and she waits to see if we have the wit to work it."

This explanation does not seem so satisfactory to us as it apparently does to Mr. Russell—himself, we believe, one of the largest shipbuilders in England. Timber, we grant, is one of the staples of America—but iron also is not the less one of our staples.—The only advantage that England has over us, is in the respect of her established manufactories, and her skilled workmen. When it shall once be seen that iron must supplant wood to a great degree in the construction of vessels, we have the iron,—any amount of it, in Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri—and we have the skillful brains, and skillful hands, which never yet have failed us in anything they have undertaken. What an Englishman can do, an American can do—and often a little better. Witness that great printing machine of iron —"Hoe's last Fast"—which works off the large edition of the London Times itself. Witness the American Sewing Machines, now found in every part of England. Witness our locomotives,—inferior to none in the world. And witness almost any work made of iron, in which we have resolutely tried our hand. In fact, in certain branches of manufacture, our manufacturers, after a visit to the old country, inform us that we are twenty years ahead of the English—they using processes and machinery long since discarded on this side of the water for more improved methods and implements.

Therefore, if the use of iron is found to be a necessity, either for ships of peace or of war, there is no reason that we should be behind *any* other nation in our commercial and naval marine. And we trust the attention of those in authority will be turned to this subject, as it is a matter of no small importance that we should do our fair share of the carrying trade of the world. The theory of our Government does not coincide with the maintenance of a large navy, therefore our security must be found in the healthy growth of our commercial marine—for vessels-of-war can be built on an emergency in a short period, but good sailors are the slow growth of years. The whale and other fisheries are the best schools of seamanship—the common carrying trade the next. A nation possessing a large number of hardy seamen, possesses a great advantage in times of war over a nation that has few or none—and therefore it has ever been the policy of wise Governments not to allow their fisheries and their commercial marine to die out, even if they have to be kept alive by some pecuniary sacrifices. In fact we need our shipping, and we need even more our manufactures—both are necessary to the welfare of a great nation, and to the proper and profitable development of its agricultural resources; and both must be promoted in such a way as to aid and not cripple each other. Our manufactures already are encroaching year after year upon those of England in all parts of the globe,—giving thus increased employment to our marine—and we trust that this will go on until we do at least our fair and proper share of the manufacturing and carrying trade of the world.

THE STOCK MARKET.

The Stock market must have been in a very excitable state in New York, the other day, judging from a paragraph in the New York correspondence of the *Public Ledger*:—

Stocks experienced another heavy decline, this morning, owing to the unfavorable interpretations of the Lincoln Inaugural at Montgomery, and throughout the South. The rush to sell at one period of the session was tremendous, the feeling partaking largely of the character of an absolute panic.

Towards the adjournment, however, the downward movement was partially arrested. Private despatches from Washington were shown, stating *that Mr. Chase had expressed highly conservative sentiments this forenoon.—True or false, the statement had a favorable influence.*

Mr. Chase must take care what he says, and how he looks,—for it is evident he is carefully watched, and every conservative or other expression telegraphed instantly to New York. Next week, we probably shall have a few items like the following:—

"The stock market is very bright this morning, as private despatches from Washington state that Mr. Chase was heard to say that he thought it would not be much of a shower after all. The correspondence of the Bear interest endeavors to make it appear that Mr. Chase was simply alluding to an approaching rain, but he is so or not, his declaration has had its effect."

"The stock market is very blue this afternoon. It is telegraphed that Mr. Seward was closeted with Mr. Cameron for a full hour, and on coming out was overheard to say to the Secretary of War, 'Send Indigo, by all means.' This was supposed to refer to the reinforcing of Fort Sumter—indigo being probably needed for the proper washing of the officers' shirts.—Other accounts, however, represent the Secretary of State as referring to Mr. Cameron's negro servant, who, being very black, is appropriately called Indigo. The effect naturally has been to depress the market very greatly."

These are m e specimens of what may be done in this li. 'apital is naturally timid, and the monetary world trembles when the political Cæsars do but sneeze. And where would stock "operations" be if the market was not constructed on the great see-saw principle—here we go up-up-up and here we go down-down-down! Our advice to all quiet and common-place people is not to put any money at all in stocks, except as a permanent investment—choose sound and not fancy stocks for such investments—and then never bother yourselves whether they are going up, or down, unless some good reason, affecting the stock itself, and not merely based upon the state of the money market or of the country, is given for such rise or fall.

WAGES.

A recent article in the London "Quarterly Review" contains a large number of statistics showing the rise in wages within the last two centuries. Not only is this rise in the absolute amount paid, but in the value of the wages as considered in comparison with the prices of the articles of general consumption and clothing.

We might infer this to be the fact, simply by contrasting the mode in which the mechanical laborer lives and dresses now, with the modes of former periods. But it is pleasant to have so cheering a truth demonstrated beyond all peradventure—for little is our Christianity and our Science worth, if they do not aid in the elevation, material as well as spiritual, of the great masses of mankind. The Review states:—

Macaulay has shown that, towards the close of the seventeenth century, all classes were paid less wages than they are now. Agricultural laborers received only from 2s. to 5s. a week with food, or from 4s to 5s. without. In 1661, the justices at Chelmsford fixed the rate at 6s. in winter and 7s. in summer; but at the time this order was made, all the necessaries of life were immoderately dear, and wheat was selling at 70s. a quarter. Private wages were paid only 4s. 8d. a week, yet no difficulty was experienced in obtaining thousands of recruits on very short notice.

In 1730, the daily earnings of bricklayers and mechanics employed at Greenwich Hospital averaged 2s. 6d. a day, with bread cheaper than at present. Even in 1800, the wages of a good mason in London were only 16s. a week, with wheat at 90s. 6d. a quarter. The same class of workmen are now receiving 33s. a week, though wheat is at a much lower figure and all the necessaries of life are greatly reduced in price. The more closely the vaunted "good old times" of the laboring classes are investigated, the more clearly will it appear that they were times of hard work and small pay, of dear food and scanty clothing, of defective means of education and wretched household accommodation.

Some excellent statistics, by Mr. Chadwick, of Salford, are quoted, which show that, whilst the actual money-wages paid to the operatives employed in the cotton trade has increased during the last twenty years from 12 to 28 per cent., the working hours of the laborers have been reduced by the operation of the Ten Hours Factory Bill, during the same period, nine hours per week, or not less than 15 per cent. There has also been a reduction in the hours of labor in silk mills, of six hours a week, and in the numerous handicraft employments connected with the building trade, of from three to four and a half hours per week. Mr. Chadwick states that the number of persons in Lancashire directly engaged in the various branches of the cotton trade, in 1859, was estimated at 400,000 persons, and that the average rate of wages paid to them (including boys, girls, and women) was 10s. 3½d. per week, or £10,653,000 per annum.

In the silk trades an advance of wages has taken place in all the branches, equal to more than 10 per cent. In the building trades, the increase in the rate of wages has averaged from 11 to 32 per cent. In the mechanical trades, there has been a general advance of nearly all branches: in some instances this advance is equal to 45 per cent. In the miscellaneous trades, including upwards of eighty classes of workmen, the rate of wages has generally maintained itself, and in some instances has been considerably advanced. In Darwen and the neighborhood, women can earn as weavers from 11s. to 20s. a week, according to their skill and the number of looms they attend; and winders and warpers, principally young women, earn from 10s. to 18s. a week.

During the last few years, the demand for card-room hands, whose labor requires little skill and is easily learnt, has led to an increase in their wages, in Darwen, of fully 100 per cent. In one mill, where, twenty years ago, no hand in the card-room earned more than 6s. a week, now many of them earn from 12s. to 18s. a week, with nine hours less labor.—The wages-books of mills near Blackburn and Rochdale give one instance where a father, son, and daughter earn £2 12s. a week, or £133 4s. per annum. In another, the father and four girls earn £3 10s. a week, or £182 per annum. These are ordinary examples; but in many families the earnings range much higher. There is one case, in which five daughters and two sons working in a cotton mill, earn among them three guineas a week, whilst the father, working as a blacksmith, earns 30s., showing a total income of £332 10s.; and a second, where the father, six sons, and two daughters, realize £9 17s. a week. Similar high rates of wages prevail throughout Yorkshire and the other manufacturing districts. Mr. Baker, Inspector of Factories, states that the wages paid to the factory operatives of the United Kingdom, in 1856, amounted to upwards of £19,000,000 sterling; that in no branch of textile labor had wages been reduced since 1833; that the average increase was 12 per cent., and in one instance 40 per cent. *A comparison would probably show that the families of factory operatives in Lancashire are at present earning higher incomes than many of the professional classes in England—higher than the average of the clergy of the Establishment, much higher than the average of the teachers of the rising generation, and perhaps higher than the average of the middle classes of the United Kingdom generally.*

The highest rate of wages in England is paid in the iron trade. The wages-book of one firm shows that iron rail-rollers receive from £7 7s. to £10 10s. a week—a rate of pay equal to that of lieutenant-colonels in her Majesty's Foot Guards. Boys from fourteen years of age and upwards are engaged as helpers, and a total family income of from £500 to £600 a year is not uncommon when the demand for iron rails is unusually brisk.

It is much to be lamented, however, that the habit of improvidence is so general, especially among the operative classes. Thus it is found in England that female servants deposit to a greatly larger extent in the savings funds than the factory women. In fact, there seems to be much more economy and thought for the future among certain classes whose wages are comparatively small, than among others whose wages are large. It may perhaps be found that the classes who receive their wages or profits entirely in money, are not so frugal as those who receive them partly in subsistence. For this reason doubtless, farmers are generally more frugal than merchants—the latter getting into such a habit of handling and paying away large sums, as to render them less careful in watching the outgo of the cents which make the dollars.

As to what a man can do on small wages, the testimony of the celebrated Hugh Miller is referred to by the reviewer we have alluded to. Hugh Miller never had more than twenty-four shillings—say six dollars—a week while working as a journeyman stonemason, and yet he gives the result of *fifteen years'* experience, as follows:—

"Let me state—for it seems to be very much the fashion to draw dolorous pictures of the condition of the laboring classes—*that from the close of the first year in which I worked as a journeyman, until I took final leave of the walled and thicket, I never knew what it was to spend a shilling; that my two uncles, my grandfather, and the mason with whom I served my apprenticeship—all workingmen—had had a similar experience, and that it was the experience of my father also.* I cannot doubt that deserving mechanics may, in exceptional cases, be exposed to want; but I can as little doubt that the cases are exceptional, and that much of the suffering of the class is a consequence either of improvidence on the part of the competently skilled, or of a course of trifling during the term of apprenticeship, quite as common as trifling at school, that always lands those who indulge in it in the hapless position of the inferior workman."

One thing in this connection, is greatly to be regretted—the general want of soundness in the Savings Institutions of the United States. In Great Britain the Government establishes agencies of its own for this purpose—and the poor know therefore that what they save up is placed beyond all danger of loss. But in this country an explosion of rotten savings institutions every now and then, tends to the discouragement of provident habits in the laboring population.

EXTRACTS.

We see a number of extracts from Dr. Holmes's new book, "Elsie Venner," floating on the newspaper tide—here are two of them:—

Good ministers will tell you they have parishioners who beat them in the practice of the virtues.

That there are parishioners who "*beat*" their ministers, we think very likely—but we doubt that the ministers consider such beating an illustration of "the practice of the virtues."

Remember that nature makes every man love and will women, and trusts the rival matter of special choice to the commonest accident.

If we understand the Doctor, the preference given by a man to a beautiful young white girl over a wrinkled and ugly negress, when choosing a wife, is merely "a trivial matter of special choice," determined by the "commonest accident." We are afraid the Doctor is often more anxious to say striking things than true things.

THE SENATE.—We are pleased to see that a Committee has been appointed by the United States Senate to report what additional regulations are necessary to preserve order in the galleries.

The recent scenes in the galleries of both Houses of Congress, are disgraceful to the nation. Not a whisper even of applause or of disapprobation should be tolerated from the audience—for such manifestations do exert an influence upon the members, and in this way give the citizens of Washington and of the adjoining States an indirect influence over the course of legislation which they are not entitled to. Besides this, it tends to degrade the sober and serious business of legislation by strengthening an element of flippant demagogueism which already prevails far too widely in our legislative halls. We trust that the Senate will adopt effective regulations upon this subject, and that the House of Representatives, when it meets again, will follow suit.

THE Charleston Courier of the 5th instant, says that Brigadier-General Beauregard has expressed a perfect confidence, after viewing the fortifications, that Fort Sumpter can be reduced, and it was *only a question of time.*

We would suggest to General Beauregard, that it is a question of eternity also, to a good many gallant fellows.

☞ Delaware at last seems to be disposed to break with the lottery dealers. Her lottery system has been the great blot on the escutcheon of our gallant little neighbor. And while she maintains it, she not only does herself, but us also, much harm.

LATEST NEWS.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—It is currently reported this evening that the Government is about to order the evacuation of Fort Sumter. That Gen. Scott advises it, as the garrison has only provisions left for fifteen days, and that it would take an army of 10,000 men and a fleet to reinforce the Fort. All of which appears very doubtful.

☞ In India a lot of rupees is wealth—here it is poverty.

☞ The elm has been known to live more than 350 years; the chestnut 600; the cedar 800; oaks from 1,000 to 1,500; and some of the woods of the tropical climes for three, four, and five thousand years.

☞ LUXURIOUS SMOKING.—The most luxurious smoker I ever knew," says Mr. Paget, "was a young Transylvanian, who told me that his servant always inserted a lighted pipe into his mouth the first thing in the morning, and that he smoked it out before he awoke. 'It is so pleasant,' he observed, 'to have the proper taste restored to one's mouth before one is sensible even of its waste.'"

☞ "Come, don't be proud," said a couple of silly young roysterers, to two gentlemen; "sit down and make yourselves our equals." "We should have to blow our brains out to do that," replied one of them.

☞ A maxim of Ferdinand, of Spain, the husband of Isabella, has recently been discovered among his papers. He addressed it to one of the English Henrys. "Always ruin your opponent in the opinion of the world before you go to war with him."

☞ The revenues of the church in Mexico are set down at 20,000,000, and that of the Government at $15,000,000 per annum. No wonder it is a country of revolutions.

☞ When you find a person a little better than his word, a little more liberal than his promise, a little more than borne out in his statements by his facts, a little larger in deed than in speech, you recognize a kind of eloquence in that person's utterance, not laid down in Blair or Campbell.—*Holmes.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Prince Albert brings advices to the 26th ult.

A violent gale had visited England, doing much damage. The Crystal Palace, at London, was among the buildings that were seriously damaged by the storm. A part of the North wing is in ruins.

The North Briton (previous arrival) brings £20,000 sterling in specie.

She passed an iceberg and a steamer on the 3rd inst, and was for an hour in an immense field of ice.

The gold shipments to America were expected to be resumed on a considerable scale, commencing with the next departures.

The City of Manchester, which sailed from Liverpool on the 20th, took £51,000 sterling.

It is reported that the Bank of England contemplates issuing notes in the rate of interest—this time to 9 or 10 per cent.

In the House of Commons on the 19th, a motion was made for more equality in assessing and levying the Income tax, and carried by a majority against the Government.

The Italian Parliament was opened by Victor Emmanuel in person, on the 18th ult.

The proclamation for the emancipation of the serfs in Russia was to be issued by the Emperor on the 3rd of March—when twenty-two millions of serfs will be set free.

Direct transactions are in progress between the banks of St. Petersburg and France for the exchange of thirty millions of francs in gold for the same amount in silver.

Fresh disturbances against the Christians have commenced in Cochin China.

The French occupation of Syria will be prolonged two or three months beyond the time originally fixed for its termination.

ITALY.—The number of troops taken prisoners at Gaeta is 11,000, with from 700 to 800 cannon and 60,000 muskets. Three Generals accompanied Francis the Second to Rome, and 25 are among the prisoners.

Fortress Messina had been summoned to surrender, but the General commanding it, is said, had declared his intention to resist a siege to the last.

The troops had also gone towards Fortress Civitella, to commence an immediate attack upon it, unless the garrison surrendered.

The typhus fever was raging at Gaeta.

Francis the Second and the ex Queen of Naples would leave Rome in a few days for Bavaria.

General Cialdini is to be made Duke of Gaeta.

The French Government was sending reenforcements to its army at Rome.

AUSTRIA.—It is reported that orders have been sent to Trieste to arm at once all the sailing vessels in the navy.

Twelve gun boats are to be sent to the Gulf of Guarrero to watch the coast.

There had been a general suspension at Galatz, in consequence of which the merchants and bankers had been threatened with violence by the indignant and suffering populace.

The Municipality of Pesth has demanded the the dismissal of the Ban of Croatia, and the appointment of a Hungarian in his place.

A dispatch from Vienna announces that affairs in Hungary are becoming very serious. Several districts, among which are Raab, Somoeny, Peterwarden and Warden, are to be declared in a state of siege.

PESTH, Feb. 22.—A royal rescript convokes the Diet at Buda, on the 2d of April to make arrangements for the coronation of the Emperor as King of Hungary, and to elect the Palatine of Hungary.

ENGLAND.—It has been decided that the armaments of the iron cased frigates Warner and Black Prince will consist of 100-pounder Armstrong guns, on the main decks, and 70-pounders on the upper deck.

The Daily News says that the Great Eastern will leave during the first week of March for New York, where she is guaranteed a cargo freely of cotton, for England, the freight on which will amount to $75,000.

An embezzlement to the amount of £67,000 has been discovered in the Commercial Bank of London.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 26.—The Cotton market has been very dull, and the prices for all qualities declined ¼d. On the 26th they advanced ⅛ to 5-16d—market firm. The principal causes for this depression and decline are the unfavorable advices from Manchester, and the dull state of interest at the Bank.

Breadstuffs are dull. Provisions also dull.

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made Thy children mighty,
By the strength of the mighty sod!
For the strong pines of the forest,
That by thy breath are stirred;
For the deep gorge of the mountain
Where Thy still voice is heard;
For the storm on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee!
Our God, our fathers' God!

☞ Somebody says "devil" is a mean word any way it may be written. Remove the d and it is "evil, remove e and it is "vile," remove the v and it is "ill," remove the i and l remains, which has the aspirate sound of "hell."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND VIRGINIANS.

A correspondent of the New York Express says:—Mr. Lincoln has been waited upon by a Union delegation from Virginia, who advised him to give up Fort Sumter.—Something like the following dialogue occurred:—

Virginians—With Fort Sumter given up, the motives for irritation and fighting would give way. It would relieve Major Anderson, save his garrison, disappoint the fighting men of the South, put the Secessionists in the wrong, and enable us Union men in Virginia to concentrate more powerfully to keep our State in the Union, and perhaps save the nation from civil war.

Mr. Lincoln (who always tells a story or relates a fable) said:—Gentlemen, you remember the fable of the lion and the bride, and how the lion, who desired to pay his addresses, solicited permission from the bride's father, and how the father consented, but with the advice that, as the lion's teeth were sharp and the claws long, and not at all handsome, he advised the King of Beasts to pull out the one and cut off the other, which being done, the good father easily knocked the lion on the head. So when we have surrendered Fort Sumter, South Carolina will do this with us.

The Virginians argued that to save a State and to save what was left of the Union, was something worth considering. Fort Sumter could not be relieved without the loss of thousands of lives, and to hold it was but a barren honor of contrast. Mr. Lincoln responded:—Virginia is but a few hours from Washington. You, gentlemen, are members of the Convention. Go to Richmond, pass a resolution that Virginia will not in any event secede, and I may then agree with you in the fact that a State any day is worth more than a Fort!

THE PATTERSON CASE—REJECTION OF THE CLAIM BY THE FRENCH COURT.—The London Standard, of the 18th, publishes the judgment of the French Court in the Patterson case. It declares that the demands of Madame Patterson and Jerome Bonaparte, her son, are not admissible, and dismisses them, and orders that on the margin of the act of July, 1860, containing the declaration of acceptance under benefit of the inventory by Jerome Bonaparte, of the succession of his father, the Highness, Prince Jerome, mention shall be made of the present judgment. The plaintiff to pay the costs. The Court grounded its judgment on the fact that the question was settled by the Emperor's family council, abstaining from going into the merits of the case. An appeal will probably be made.

CHARLESTON (S. C.) TAXES.—We see it stated that a tax, for city purposes alone, has just been levied of one dollar and thirty cents on the hundred dollars' worth of all goods held by merchants. This would be $300 on a stock of $30,000. The carriage tax is $50 (carriage $30, horses $10 each), besides the tax on slaves, on bonds, judgments, notes and securities of debtors, and on real estate, which also pays $1.30 per $100 of valuation. In addition to this is the State tax, which is nearly as much, and is distributed in the same thorough manner on every conceivable thing of value. The authorities have probably been reading that Scripture which says that "a decree went out that everything should be taxed."

VIRGINIA.—Hon. Wm. C. Rives addressed a large meeting at Richmond, on the 8th, on the subject of the Peace Conference proposition.

His remarks looked to the conciliation of the Border States, and the eventful reconstruction of the Union. He denounced the secession movement in strong terms. His speech excited much enthusiasm.

THE WITTY MEN.

Those who at a distance contemplate characters professionally eminent for invention, wit, and satirical humor, naturally suppose their society must be universally sought, and they must, of necessity, be the life of the convivial board. Men, however, who see much, and speculate little, know better. Among the dullest in company could be pointed out those who are "wondrous witty" by themselves; and this does not arise from pride of their own superior faculty for invention or humor, or from an unwillingness to please; but from a constitutional shyness, or modest desire to avoid notice or applause, or actually from conscious dullness when absent from the study and the desk, and without the pencil or the pen.

Peter Pindar was witless, even over his bottle, with his most intimate cronies. Anthony Pasquin was sour, and not prone to converse. Churchill was a sulky sot. Butler was nothing when he was not about half-drunk Burton, who had not less humor than Cervantes, and the learning of a whole university, was neither a cheerful companion nor endurable to himself. We might name a hundred more, whose aptitude and promptness to discover the ridiculous side of human action have astonished the grave; and yet these men, who have thus exposed folly to the laughter of mankind, have been themselves the dullest dogs alive.

☞ An Irishman, just from the sod, was eating some old cheese, when he found to his dismay that it contained living inhabitants. "Be jabers," said he, "does your chaze in this country have childer?"

☞ A farmer's family and friends are shocked by his laziness, his wheat and barley by his industry.

☞ Orange or lemon juice left upon a knife or other piece of iron, will in a few days produce a stain so nearly resembling that caused by blood as to deceive the most careful observer, and not many years ago, in Paris, a man was nearly convicted of murder, owing to a knife being found in his possession covered with what was pronounced by several witnesses to be blood, but was afterward discovered to be lime juice.

☞ In England, ladies don't allow themselves to be put on the shelf quite so soon as ours. They are not supposed to reach the full bloom of maturity until forty, an age at which all true judges think their charms XL. (excel.)

☞ "Pride," says Hugo, "was born in heaven, but forgetting by what way she fell therefrom, she could never find her way thither again."

☞ TO PREVENT DOMESTICS BREAKING ANYTHING.—Keep a cat in the house, and you will never hear of anything being broken by the servants.

☞ The spontaneous gifts of heaven are of high value, but the strength of perseverance gains the prize.

THE FROZEN CREW.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

We have said that cold may not only predispose to the death of animals or portions of animal tissues, but it may kill them. How it slaughters its victims, we do not exactly know: some say it paralyses the heart; others think that the cold, to use a popular expression, drives the blood inwards, and kills by apoplexy. The irresistible sleepiness that creeps over a person "lost in the snow" is well known, and has been often described; if once it is yielded to, death, under the forlorn circumstances usually present, is sure to result. But, undoubtedly, it may kill at once. Persons have been found stone-dead standing upright at their posts, all the machinery of life having stopped at once—the mouth half open, as it was when the last groan was uttered; the limbs still in the position they assumed during life, and having undergone, through the peculiar antiseptic nature of the cold, none of the changes we find after other forms of death.

Captain Waremes reports to the Admiralty thus:—"In the month of August, 1773, I was sailing about 77 degrees north latitude, when one morning, about a mile from my vessel, I saw the sea entirely blocked up by ice.—Nothing could be seen, far as the eye could reach, but mountains and peaks covered with snow. The wind soon fell to a calm, and I remained for two days in the constant expectation of being crushed by that frightful mass of ice which the slightest wind could force upon us. We had passed the second day in such anxieties, when about midnight the wind got up, and we immediately heard horrible crackling of ice, which broke and tossed about with a noise resembling thunder. That was a terrible night for us; but by the morning, the wind having become by degrees less violent, we saw the barrier of ice which was before us entirely broken up, and a large channel extending out of sight between its two sides. The sun now shone out, and we sailed away from the northward before a light breeze. Suddenly, when looking at the sides of the icy channel, we saw the masts of a ship; but what was still more surprising to us, was the singular manner in which its sails were placed, and the dismantled appearance of its spars and manœuvres.

"It continued to sail on for some time, then stopping by a block of ice, it remained motionless. I could not then resist my feelings of curiosity; I got into my gig with some of my sailors, and went towards this strange vessel.

"We saw, as we drew near, that it was very much damaged by the ice. Not a man was to be seen on the deck, which was covered with snow. We shouted, but no one replied. Before getting up the side, I looked through a port-hole which was open, and saw a man seated before a table, upon which were all the necessary materials for writing. Arrived on the deck, we opened the hatchway, and went down into the cabin; there we found the ship's clerk seated as we had before seen him through the port-hole. But what were our terror and astonishment when we saw that it was a corpse, and that a green damp mould covered his cheeks and forehead, and hung over his eyes, which were open!

"He had a pen in his hand, and the ship's log lay before him. The last lines he had written were as follow:

"'11th November, 1762.

"'It is now seventeen days since we were shut up in the ice. The fire went out yesterday, and our captain has since tried to light it again, but without success. His wife died this morning. There is no more hope—'

"My sailors kept aloof in alarm from this dead body, which seemed still living. We entered together the state-room, and the first object which attracted us was the body of a woman laid on a bed, in an attitude of great and perplexed attention. One would have said, from the freshness of her features, that she was still in life, had not the contraction of her limbs told us she was dead. Before her a young man was seated on the floor, holding a steel in one hand, and a flint in the other, and having before him several pieces of German tinder. We passed on to the fore-cabin, and found there several sailors laid in their hammocks, and a dog stretched out at the foot of the ladder. It was in vain that we sought for provisions and firewood; we discovered nothing. Then my sailors began to say that it was an enchanted ship; and they declared their intentions of remaining but a very short time longer on board. We then, after having taken the ship's log, set out for our vessel, stricken with terror at the thought of the fatal instance we had just seen of the peril of polar navigation, in so high a degree of north latitude. On my return, I found, by comparing the documents which I had in my possession, that the vessel had been missing for *thirteen* years."

Now, although these are extreme cases, and but seldom heard of, don't think that will excuse you, my good reader, if you see any even in this comparatively temperate country, for instance, cold or likely to be cold, and you do not your best to warm them. Think, while you sit over the fire, or turn in the warm blankets, or button up your over-coat—think, when you have a warm grasp of a friend's hand, or feel your child's warm cheek nestle against yours—think of the heart-attracting powers of door-steps, and common stairs, and east winds, and parish-officers, and cold shoulders, and, if you will take my advice; let the cold of winter exhibit one of its characteristic powers on you—let it drive the blood inwards to your heart. Do what you can to diffuse warmth and comfort among your less fortunate neighbors.

☞ It is wonderful how men and women know their peers. If two strange Queens, sole survivors of two shipwrecked vessels, were cast, half baked, on a rock together, each would at once address the other as "our royal sister."—*Holmes.*

THREE ROSES.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

Just when the red June roses blow
She gave me one—a year ago:
A rose whose crimson breath revealed
The secret that its heart concealed,
And whose half shy, half tender grace
Blushed back upon the giver's face.
A year ago—a year ago—
To hope was not to know.

Just when the red June roses blow
I plucked her one—a month ago:
Its half-blown crimson to eclipse,
I laid it on her smiling lips;
The balmy fragrance of the South
Drew sweet soul from her sweeter mouth.
Swiftly do golden hours creep—
To hold is not to keep.

The red June roses now are past,
This very day I broke the last—
And now its perfumed breath is hid,
With her, beneath a coffin lid;
There will its petals fall apart,
And wither on her icy heart—
At three red roses' cost
My world was gained and lost.

IMPORTANCE OF DRAWING, AND THE USE OF COLORS.

FROM "EDUCATION," BY HERBERT SPENCER.

The spreading recognition of drawing as an element of education, is one among many signs of the more rational views on mental culture now beginning to prevail. Once more it may be remarked that teachers are at length adopting the course which nature has for ages been pressing upon their notice. The spontaneous efforts made by children to represent the men, houses, trees, and animals around them—on a slate if they can get nothing better, or with lead-pencil on paper, if they can beg them—are familiar to all. To be shown through a picture book is one of their highest gratifications; and as usual, their strong imitative tendency presently generates in them the ambition to make pictures themselves. This attempt to depict the striking things they see is a further instinctive exercise of the perceptions—a means whereby still greater accuracy and completeness of observation is induced. And alike by seeking to interest us in their discoveries of the sensible properties of things, and by their endeavors to draw, they solicit from us just that kind of culture which they most need.

Had teachers been guided by nature's hints not only in the making of drawing a part of education, but in the choice of their modes of teaching it, they would have done still better than they have done. What is it that the child first tries to represent? Things that are large, things that are attractive in color, things round which its pleasurable associations must cluster—human beings from whom it has received so many emotions, cows and dogs which interest by the many phenomena they present, houses that are hourly visible and strike by their size and contrast of parts. And which of all the processes of representation gives it most delight? Coloring. Paper and pencil are good in default of something better; but a box of paints and a brush—these are the treasures. The drawing of outlines immediately becomes secondary to coloring—is gone through mainly with a view to the coloring; and if leave can be got to color a book of prints, how great is the favor? Now, ridiculous as such a position will seem to drawing-masters, who postpone coloring and who teach form by a dreary discipline of copying lines, we believe that the course of culture thus indicated is the right one. That priority of color to form, which, as already pointed out, has a psychological basis, and in virtue of which psychological basis arises this strong preference in the child, should be recognized from the very beginning; and from the very beginning also the things imitated should be real. That greater delight in color which is not only conspicuous in children but persists in most persons throughout life, should be continuously employed as the natural stimulus to the mastery of the comparatively difficult and unattractive form—should be the prospective reward for the achievement of form. And these instinctive attempts to represent interesting actualities should be all along encouraged; in the conviction that as, by a widening experience, smaller and more practicable objects become interesting, they too will be attempted; and that so a gradual approximation will be made towards imitations having some resemblance to the realities. No matter how grotesque the shapes produced: no matter how daubed and glaring the colors. The question is not whether the child is producing good drawings: the question is, whether it is developing its faculties. It has first to gain some command over its fingers, some crude notions of likeness; and this practice is better than any other for these ends; seeing that it is the spontaneous and the interesting one. During these early years, be it remembered, no formal drawing-lessons are possible: shall we therefore repress, or neglect to aid, these efforts at self-culture? or shall we encourage and guide them as normal exercises of the perceptions and the powers of manipulation? If by the supply of cheap woodcuts to be colored, and simple contour-maps to have their boundary lines tinted, we cannot only pleasurably draw out the faculty of color, but can incidentally produce some familiarity with the outlines of things and countries, and some ability to move the brush steadily; and if by the supply of temptingly-painted objects we can keep up the instinctive practice of making representations, however rough, it must happen that by the time drawing is commonly commenced there will exist a facility that would else have been absent. Time will have been gained; and trouble both to teacher and pupil, saved.

☞ We are told to "take care;" but most of us have too much of it for our comfort already.

"COME TO MOTHER."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How much love is expressed in these three little words. Have you not often beheld the young mother hasten her steps as she entered the nursery, after a short absence, and holding out her arms to her unconscious little one, murmur fondly, "Come to mother!" And when the babe first begins to know its nurse, its faintest cry will call forth those loving words; no matter how feeble the arms may be, they will always be willing to enfold the darling, and "come to mother" will soon soothe it to rest.

By-and by the little feet totter about the room; the slightest obstacle soon brings the poor head bumping on the floor, but, "come to mother" quickly heals the bruise, and smiles take the place of tears when the little head rests on the mother's breast.

Now see the mother watching her baby at play; does a thorn wound him, or a bee molest him, "come to mother" is the only salve required.

Years pass, and the boy must leave his home, perhaps for school, perhaps to labor for bread, for boys must sooner or later leave the sheltering arms that still long to enclose them from pain and danger. But let sickness, or trouble, or even disgrace threaten him, if that mother is living, and has a crust to eat, she will soon send forth those dear old loving words, "come to mother," and he comes, and is comforted. Again he wanders off, far, far away; he is strong now, he no longer needs the protection of his feeble, loving mother. She is old, lonely, and perhaps in want, but she must not trouble him; she will suffer in silence, rather than interrupt her boy in his pursuits. At last she feels that she is dying, and longs once more to look upon that much loved form, and with trembling fingers she pens once more the words, "come to mother." Does he come now? Alas, not always; the mother's head now needs a resting place upon his breast, but the arms do not open so quickly to receive that aged form.

Oh, young man, think of it; fly to her as you did in your childhood, the words are the same, only you are the comforter now. Make some return for the love and devotion of past years, obey that last loving call, and "come to mother."

AUNT ALICE.

FLESH IN VEGETABLES.

All vegetables, especially those eaten by animals, contain a certain portion of flesh; for instance, in every hundred parts of wheaten flour there are ten parts of flesh; in a hundred of Indian corn meal there are twelve parts of flesh; and in a hundred of Scotch oatmeal there are eighteen of flesh. Now, when vegetable food is eaten it is to its fleshy constituents alone that we are indebted for restoring to the body what it has lost by muscular exertion. "All flesh is grass," says the inspired writer, and science proves that this assertion will bear a literal interpretation. No animal has the power to create from its food the flesh to form its own body; all that the stomach can do is to dissolve the solid food that is put into it; by-and by the fleshy portion of the food enters the blood, and becomes part of the animal that has eaten it. The starch and sugar of the vegetable are either consumed (burned) for the production of warmth, or they are converted into fat and laid up in store as future fuel when required. Grass consists of certain fleshy constituents, starch and woody fibre. If a cow, arrived at maturity, eats grass, nearly the whole of its food can be traced to the production of milk; the starch of the grass goes to form fat (butter) and the flesh appears as casein, or cheese. When a sheep eats grass the flesh of grass is but slightly modified to produce mutton, while the starch is converted into fat (suet.) When man eats mutton or beef, he is merely appropriating to his own body the fleshy portion of grass so perseveringly collected by the sheep or cow. The human stomach, like that of a sheep or ox, has no power to create flesh; all that it can do is to build up its own form with the materials at hand. Iron is offered to an engineer, and he builds a ship, makes a watch-spring, or a mariner's compass, according to his wants; but although he alters the form and texture of the material under his hand, yet its composition remains the same. So, as regards flesh, although there be one "flesh of men, another of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds," yet their ultimate composition is the same, all of which can be traced to the grass of the field or a similar source. Flesh, then, is derived from vegetables, and not from animals, the latter being merely the collectors of it. And, as though the plant knew that some future destiny awaited the flesh which it makes, it will not use a particle of it to construct a leaf, a tendril, or a flower, but lays it all up in the seed. —*Pirsse's Laboratory of Chemical Wonders.*

DECISION.

Many men are knowing, many are apprehensive and tenacious, but they do not rush to a decision. But in our flowing affairs a decision must be made—the best, if you can; but any is better than none. There are twenty ways of going to a point, and one is the shortest; but set out at once on one. A man who has that presence of mind which can bring to him on the instant all he knows, is worth for action a dozen men who know as much, but can only bring it to light slowly. The good Speaker in the House is not the man who knows the theory of parliamentary tactics, but the man who decides off-hand. The good judge is not he who does hair-splitting justice to every allegation, but who, aiming at substantial justice, rules something intelligible for the guidance of suitors. The good lawyer is not the man who has an eye to every side and angle of contingency, and qualifies all his qualifications, but who throws himself on your part so heartily, that he can get you out of a scrape.—*Emerson.*

HOW TO KEEP THE CHILDREN HEALTHY.

The mortality among children in our cities, as well as in the country, is sad to contemplate. Is there any necessity for this? Are all these children sent into the world to be thus early cut down? Are not nine out of ten of these early deaths the result of ignorance? What parents ever lost a child, except by accident, without thinking: "If I had treated it differently, it would not have died?" The loss of our own three first born has led us to think much upon this topic, and three always healthy living ones are evidences that our studies on the subject have not been in vain. A few hints on the topic from time to time, may not be without use to those parents who read the Agriculturist.

Elsewhere, we have given some hints on the sleep of children. Next to securing plenty of sound sleep, or rather before it, we place the *proper preparation of food*. The kind of food they eat is not of half so much consequence, as the manner of its preparation. Give a child a hard apple and let him swallow it in pieces from the size of a large pea upward. The result will be, that the lump will be partly worn off by the coats of the stomach, and partly dissolved by the gastric juice; but after a time, the remaining portion of the lumps will be forced down into the intestines and go through the whole length of 15 to 20 feet, producing at least griping and irritation all the way, if not diarrhœa or dysentery. But first scrape or mash the apple to a fine pulp, and it may then be eaten with impunity, and with benefit, if ripe or nearly so.

Feed a child on boiled potatoes cut up, or on potatoes coarsely mashed and fried in fat, and you will be pretty sure to find more or less of lumps of potatoes remaining undigested. How can it be otherwise than that these lumps must have produced irritation in the intestines? But mash these same potatoes finely before feeding them, and then the fine material will be digested and afford nutriment instead of giving uneasiness and pain "under the apron."

The same holds true of meat meals. Cut up fine—as fine as shot almost—they will be digested, and produce nourishment; while if fed in coarse pieces, they will lie in the stomach, like a meat poultice on the outside, the cause of uneasiness if not of partial inflammation. Feed raisins and nuts to children, and unless very strong and vigorous, the chances are that they will induce immediate sickness or a weakened system, liable to be affected by the first change of heat and cold. Chop these same raisins or nuts finely, reducing them almost to powder, and they may be eaten in moderate quantity with impunity. These remarks apply to all kinds of food, and, in a measure, to grown people as well as to children.

Many persons are over nice or anxious as to *what* their children eat, and often reduce them to skeletons, or unfit them for a vigorous resistance of colds and malaria diseases, by feeding them on toast, or rice, weak gruel, &c. Give them rather a fair supply of hearty food *so finely reduced that it will be quickly digested in the stomach*, and they will grow vigorous and be able to withstand the changes of climate, and the exposures to which they are ever liable. Mothers, consider these things, and see if they are not true and in accordance with reason.—*American Agriculturist.*

ENERGY.

All the elements whose aid man calls in, will sometimes become his masters, especially those of most subtle force. Shall he, then, renounce steam, fire, and electricity, or, shall he learn to deal with them? The rule for this whole class of agencies is,—all *plus* is good; only put it in the right place.

Men of this surcharge of arterial blood cannot live on nuts, herb-tea, and elegies; cannot read novels, and play whist; cannot satisfy all their wants at the Thursday Lecture, or the Boston Athenæum. They pine for adventure, and must go to Pike's Peak; had rather die by the hatchet of a Dawnee, than sit all day and every day at a counting-room desk. They are made for war, for the sea, for mining, hunting, and clearing; for hair-breadth adventures, huge risks, and the joy of eventful living. Some men cannot endure an hour of calm at sea. I remember a poor Malay cook, on board a Liverpool packet, who, when the wind blew a gale, could not contain his joy; "Blow!" he cried, "me do tell you blow!" Their friends and governors must see that some vent for their explosive complexion is provided. The roisters who are destined for infamy at home, if sent to Mexico, will "cover you with glory," and come back heroes and generals. There are Oregons, Californias, and Exploring Expeditions enough appertaining to America to find them in files to gnaw, and in crocodiles to eat. The young English are fine animals, full of blood, and when they have no wars to breathe their riotous vapors in, they seek for travels as dangerous as war, diving into Maelstroms; swimming Hellesponts; wading up the snowy Himmalch; hunting lion, rhinoceros, elephant, in South Africa; gypsying with Borrow in Spain and Algiers; riding alligators in South America with Waterton; utilizing Bedouin, Shiek, and Pacha, with Layard; yachting among the icebergs of Lancaster Sound; peeping into craters on the equator; or running on the crusts of Malays in Borneo.—*Emerson.*

WHAT IS EXTRAVAGANCE.—To tell whether a man is extravagant, we must ask who the man is—what are his tastes? what his circumstances? A man upon a moderate salary is blameworthy if he spends more than he earns; his employer is extravagant if he does not spend at all. Place a spendthrift in one scale and a niggard in the other, and a feather would turn the scale. A squirrel would live on what a man would throw away, as the rind and core of an apple, but it does not follow that a man should live on the same.

SMUGGLING ARRANGEMENTS.

A gentleman from Par is writes the following:—

I saw through one of the windows of the Mayor's office, in the twelfth arrondissement, what seemed to be the body of a negro hanging by the neck. At the first glance, and even at the second, I took it for a human being, whose disappointed love, or perhaps an expositious judge, had disposed of so suddenly; but I soon ascertained that the ebony gentleman in question was a large doll, as large as life. What to think of this I did not know, so I asked the door-keeper the meaning of it.

"This is the contraband museum," was the answer; and on my showing a curiosity to exhibit it, he was kind enough to act as my cicerone.

In a large, dirty room are scattered over the floor, on the walls, and along the ceiling, all the inventions of roguery which had been confiscated from time to time, by those guardians of the law, the revenue officers.

It is a complete arsenal of the weapons of smuggling, all, unfortunately, in complete confusion.

Look before you; there is a hogshead dressed up as a nurse, with a child that holds two quarts and a half. On the other side, are two legs, hollow as the Trojan horse, and filled with armies of cigars. On the floor lies a large boa constrictor, gorged with Chinn silk; and just beyond is a pile of coal, curiously perforated with spools of cotton.

The colored gentleman who excited my sympathy at first, met with his fate under the following circumstances:—He was built of tin, painted black, and stood like a keyduck of Ethiopian chasseur on the foot-board of a carriage, fastened by his feet and hands. He had frequently passed through the gates, and was well known by sight to the soldiers, who noticed that he was always showing his teeth—which they supposed to be the custom of the country.

One day, the carriage he belonged to was stopped by a crowd at the gate. There was, as usual, a grand chorus of yells and oaths, the vocal part being performed by the drivers and cartmen, and the instrumental by their whips.

The negro, however, never spoke a single word. His good behavior delighted the soldiers, who held him up as an example to the crowd.

"Look at the black fellow," they cried; "see how well he behaves! Bravo, nigger!"

He showed a perfect indifference to their applause.

"My friend," said the clerk at a barrier, jumping upon the foot-board, and slapping our sable friend on the shoulder, "we are really much obliged to you."

Oh, the surprise! the shoulder rattled. The officer was bewildered; he sounded the footman all over, and he was made of metal, and as full as skin could hold of the very best contraband liquor, drawn out at his feet.

The juicy mortal was seized at once, and carried off in triumph.

The first night the revenue people drank up one of the shoulders, and he was soon bled to death. It is now six years since he lost the moisture of his system, and was reduced to a dry skeleton.

SONG SHOULD BREATHE.

Song should breathe of scents and flowers;
Song should like a river flow;
Song should bring back scenes and hours
That we loved—oh, long ago!

Song from baser thoughts should win us;
Song should charm us out of woe;
Song should stir the heart within us
Like a patriot's friendly blow.

Pains and pleasures, all man doeth,
War, and peace, and ill, and wrong—
All things that the Soul subdueth,
Should be vanquished, too, by Song.

Song should spur the mind to duty;
Nerve the weak and stir the strong;
Every deed of truth and beauty
Should be crowned by starry Song.

PLEASANT TO TOBACCO CHEWERS.

A letter from Petersburg, Virginia, to the Schenectady Star, gives the following delightful description of the manner of preparing chewing tobacco in that region:—

"Commence on the upper floor, which is as dirty as a cow-stable. In the corners are large heaps of tobacco. At one end is a large cauldron, into which is put liquorice, rum and tonca bean. On one side the room is a large space, like a mortar bed, into which is put the weed, to be sprinkled with the above decoction. Two or three darkies are stirring the tobacco up with their feet, so that all portions may become equally saturated.

"After this operation it is dried upon poles over head, until it is fit for working in the room below.

"On the second story, the leaf is divested of its stem by numerous black women and children. It is then, in a supple state, made into rolls an inch or two inches in diameter, and of any required length.

"On the ground floor, the rolls are squeezed into plugs, and carefully packed for transportation to the tobacco-loving people of the North. Some may think part of this description highly colored, but it is literally a true account of what I saw more than once; and if what I heard be true, the drugs and filth are hardly half portrayed.

"It might be supposed that people here do not chew, but this is not so; almost every body does, but then they chew the clear leaf. And it is worthy of remark that the hands engaged in these factories make no account of throwing their spittle and their cuds into the heap for a second mastication."

☞ Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

SCOTCH CHARACTERISTICS.

An eminent professor of geology, visiting in the Highlands, met an old man on the hills on Sunday morning. The professor, partly from the effect of habit, and not advertting to the very strict notions on Sabbath desecration entertained in Ross-shire, had his pocket hammer in hand, and was thoughtlessly breaking the specimens of minerals he picked up by the way. The old man for some time eyed the geologist, and, going up to him, quietly said, "Sir, ye're breaking something there forbye the stanes!"

The same feeling under a more fastidious form was exhibited to a traveller by a Scottish peasant. An English artist who was travelling professionally through Scotland, had occasion to remain over Sunday in a small town in the north. To while away the time, he walked out a short way in the environs, where the picturesque ruin of a castle met his eye. He asked a countryman who was passing, to be so good as to tell him the name of the castle. The reply was somewhat startling—"It's no the day to be speering sic things!"

It may be well supposed that a peasantry with such religious opinions would be much shocked at any persons whose opinions were known to be of an *infidel* character. There is a story traditionary in Edinburgh regarding David Hume, which illustrates this feeling in a very amusing manner, and which, I have heard it said, Hume himself often narrated. The philosopher had fallen from the path into the swamp at the back of the castle, the existence of which I recollect hearing of from old persons forty years ago. He fairly stuck fast, and called to a woman who was passing and begged her assistance. She passed on apparently without attending to the request; at his earnest entreaty, however, she came where he was, and asked him, "Are na ye Hume the Atheist?" "Well, well, no matter," said Hume; "Christian charity commands you to do good to every one." "Christian charity here, or Christian charity there," replied the woman, "I'll do naething for you till ye turn a Christian yourself—ye maun repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, or faith I'll let ye grafel there as I fand ye." The sceptic, really afraid for his life, rehearsed the required formula.

GRAPES.

Dr. Herjan, of Metz, has published a very interesting account of the curative effects of grapes in various disorders of the body.—They act, firstly, by introducing large quantities of fluid into the system, which, passing through the blood, carries off by perspiration and the other excretions, the effete and injurious materials of the body; secondly, as a vegetable nutritive agent, through the albumenoid or nitrogenous and respiratory substances, which the juice of the grape contains; thirdly, as a medicine, at the same time soothing, laxative, alterative and depurative; fourthly, by the alkalies, which diminish the plasticity of the blood, and render it more fluid; fifthly, by the various mineral elements, such as sulphates, chlorides, phosphates, &c., which are an analogous and valuable substitute for many mineral waters. Employed rationally and methodically, aided by suitable diet and regimen, the grape produces most important changes in the system, in favoring organic transmutations, in contributing healthy materials to the repair and re-construction of the various tissues, and in determining the removal of the vitiated matters which have become useless and injurious to the system. Directed by a skillful physician, this valuable curative agent can be made to produce the most varied effects on the constitution. It also possesses the advantage of being acceptable to most invalids. The treatment lasts from three to six weeks. The quantity of grapes that may be consumed varies from one to four pounds a day, commencing with small quantities, which are gradually increased. The skins and seeds must not be swallowed. In the absence of grapes, the most beneficial effects may be obtained from dried raisins, provided a quantity of water, sufficient to satisfy the thirst they excite, be taken at the same time; or they may be stewed in the same manner as prunes.

SUPERSTITION AT COPENHAGEN.—Concerning the construction of these ramparts there is told a story so horrible I can hardly give credit to its truth, but the Danes themselves relate it. It appears that the earth crumbled down, giving way as fast as the workmen built it up. The engineers themselves were at fault, so they determined to consult a wise woman, who declared the mounds would always continue sinking unless a living child was buried underneath. So they prepared a recess of brickwork under the ramparts, and decorated it gaily with evergreens and flowers, and placed therein a little table and chairs, with toys, and dolls, and sweetmeats, and a tree lighted with many little tapers; and having enticed a little girl of five years old, they clothed her in new garments, and brought her to the bower, accompanied by a band of music; and whilst the child in her delight played with the dolls and toys, the masons quickly closed up the aperture with solid brickwork, and shovelled the earth over it. From that time the ramparts sank no more.—*Jutland and the Danish Isles.*

COMFORT AND MUDDLE.—Comfort is the daughter of Order, and is descended in a right line from Wisdom; she is closely allied to Carefulness, Thrift, Honesty, and Religion; she has been educated by Good Sense, Benevolence, Observation, and Experience; and she is the mother of Cleanliness, Economy, Provident Forethought, Virtue, Propriety, and Domestic Happiness. Muddle is descended from the ancient but dishonorable family of Chaos; she is the child of Indifference and Want of Principle; educated alternately by Dawdling, Hurry, Stupidity, Obstinacy, Meanness, and Extravagance; secretly united at an early age to Self-conceit; and parent of Procrastination, Falsehood, Dirt, Waste, Disorder, Destruction, and Desolation.

THE PANIC; OR, WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

A FABLE.

"What's it all about?" said one of Mrs. Sell's ducks, to her friend, as they listened to a splashing noise in the little brook dam.

"I cannot think," quacked Ducky; "let's go and see."

And they sailed down the brook to the place, and found a great piece of wood which had fallen across the bank, and the water was splashing over it. The rest of the ducks, seeing these two in such a hurry to get to this spot, followed, supposing some fresh plan of operations for the day was being projected, or that a new nest of snails had been discovered. So they waddled into the brook, and swam off in the same direction.

It was difficult for their two companions to persuade them of the truth; and they all quacked so loud in their inquiries, that a hen, who was taking her ten little chickens for a morning walk, told them to remain very quiet under the wall, while she went to the water-side to see what was the matter, and to mind and not touch the corn that would be thrown down for them, till she returned.

Whether her clucking and the increased quacking were favored by the wind, I can't say, but the sound went over the churchyard into Freek the shepherd's garden, where Drover lay dozing in the sun. He started up, pricked up his ears, and bounded across the churchyard.

A cow that was grazing in the lane, seeing him scamper at such a rate, thought it wise to follow him; so, having filled her mouth, she walked deliberately round the corner to the place that Drover seemed to make for. In his way he saw the potter's horse standing in the Bede House close.

"Hey, Drover," said the horse, "what's the matter?"

"Who knows?" said Drover; "I'm going to see. Don't you hear the noise?"

So the horse went up to the edge of the close, and looked over on to the brook; but being old and tired, he couldn't make up his mind to go any nearer.

"Have you heard?" said an old crow.

"What?" said the others.

"Oh, such a noise! A fight, I should think. I saw Drover running as if to break his neck, and the old cow and the potter's horse are on the road, and I don't know who besides."

"Oh, let's go, by all means," said the crows.

So they flew off and took possession of the willows that hung over the brook.

"What fun!" said a sparrow; "the crows have gone to see some grand doings somewhere; let us go too."

And away went a whole flock of sparrows, who had been busy a minute before with the vicar's currant-bushes.

"Very remarkable!" said an old jackdaw. "What it can be about I cannot divine. I propose, my brethren, to call a meeting, and consult upon measures adequate to the occasion."

And so all the jackdaws might be seen coming out of their holes in the church tower, and ranging themselves solemnly along the ledge near the top, on the side facing the brook.

"Is it an invasion of the French?" said one. "Is it a company of masons coming to repair the church?" said another! "that would vastly more interfere with us and our nests."

Now, just as Drover got to the brook, the two ducks, having convinced their friends that there was no secret cause for their movement, the whole party were sailing calmly down the stream, and the quacking had completely ceased.

"What's it all about?" said Drover, to the last of them.

"What?" said the duck's"

"Why, the noise," said Drover.

"Nothing!" said the duck.

"Nothing!" said the hen, going back to her chickens.

"Nothing!" said Drover, with a mixture of contempt and vexation at having had his run for nothing.

"Did he say *nothing*, Mr. Drover?" said the old cow, who immediately proceeded to graze again.

"Nothing!" called out the old horse from over the wall. "How glad I am I didn't go any further!"

"Nothing! nothing!" jabbered the sparrows. "What fun! Only think of taking in all these good folks!"

And off they flew to the currant trees again.

"Nothing!" said the crows, who flew over to Mrs. Sell's yard to pick up the corn that was put for the chickens.

"Nothing!" said the daws. "How exceedingly impertinent to make such a fuss about *nothing!*"

"Very!" said Kitty Keelby's old brindled cat, who had been feasting on some of the deserted chickens, while their mother was gone to find out "what the noise was all about." And so the water went on splashing over the wood; but there was an end of the wonder.

RELIGIOUS WASH-HOUSES.—A journal of Ausburg contains the following singular announcement:—We think right to call general attention to the public wash-house of the hospital of this town, which is perfectly organized in every respect. Not only have all the latest improvements been introduced into it, but regard is had to the difference in the religious creeds of the customers. Thus the linen of Roman Catholics and that of Protestants is washed in separate tubs. The washed linen is afterwards placed in a wheel which, it is true, is consecrated to both forms of worship, and there, by a centrifugal apparatus, belonging equally to both religions, it is freed from the water it contains. But the Roman Catholic linen is afterwards carried into the Catholic drying place, and the Protestant into that appointed for itself, and then is distributed to its owners."

☞ If a man's horses lose their tails why should he sell them wholesale? Because he can't re-tail them.

POVERTY'S WEDDING.

In the quiet of eve, in my neat little cottage,
I thankfully sit by my own dear fireside,
And, crimson with blushes, her only adornment,
Comes nestling beside me my newly-made bride.

I gently caress her, with fondest prayers bless her,
And kissing the finger now graced with the ring,
I whisper my hope that the future will find us
Enabled the words of the old song to sing—
"Though all the world slight us, our love shall unite us;
But loving the better for loving alone,
Such true faith shall bind us, that each year shall find us
Both truer and fonder than years that have flown."

With no tale deceiving, I wooed her to wed me,
I told her how little of wealth was my share;
That, born but to toil as a daily bread-winner,
I am able to shield her from sorrow or care;
But all of earth's treasure which falls to my measure,
For her and her comforts I'd cheerfully bring.
She modestly answered, she asked nothing better,
Than with me the words of the old song to sing—
"Though all the world slight us, our love shall unite us;
But loving the better for loving alone,
Such true faith shall bind us, that each year shall find us
Both truer and fonder than years that have flown."

Thus won I my dear one, to travel beside me,
And lighten my burden on Life's thorny road;
Believing that One, who has infinite mercy,
Will cast on our shoulders no wearisome load.
And so my own Mary, a true fireside fairy,
The halo of love round this cottage shall fling;
And be it forever our earnest endeavor
The words of that old song to cheerfully sing,—
"Though all the world slight us, our love shall unite us;
But loving the better for loving alone,
Such true faith shall bind us, that each year shall find us
Both truer and fonder than years that have flown."

THE RULING PASSION.

OR, STRUGGLE AND TRIUMPH.

BY EDWINA BURBURY,

AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE SACKVILLE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Malcolm. Dispute it like a man.
Macduff. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were. —*Macbeth.*

"Oh, William!" cried Beatrice, starting violently, and looking round in terror; "did you hear that fearful scream?"

"No. What was it like?"

"I don't know. I never heard anything so piercing in my life. Somebody must be ill, or dying."

"Did it come from the house?"

"I think not. It seemed behind us."

"It is strange I did not hear it. Are you sure it was not fancy?"

"Quite. Let us go round and see if we can find the person who uttered it; for although the voice was so shrill, it did not seem entirely strange to me."

"Come, then!"

And, drawing his cousin's arm within his own, William and Beatrice searched the grounds carefully, but found nothing; and returning, at length, to the spot whence they had set out, the former said,

"You are nervous this morning, and have not quite got Cliff Castle out of your poor little head."

"No, nor ever shall have. But that scream just now was real, William—as real as Count Orsini's ghosts."

"Well, that's saying a good deal for it, certainly; and we'll suppose it was a playful exuberance of spirit on the part of some of the gardener's urchins, and let it pass accordingly, shall we?"

"Yes, if you like."

And again, with a strange misgiving, the girl looked wistfully round.

"Very well, then, leave off peeping about, and tell me something more of this journey of yours. Do you really mean to go?"

"Yes; I have arranged everything, and intend to quit Shirley to-day."

"This is very sudden."

"I fear it seems so; but, if you remember, I have been going to London for weeks, ever since I left the Abbey, and I told your mother so when I accepted her invitation."

"Did you? I never heard her mention it."

"Perhaps not. I daresay she did not think it of sufficient consequence. But as Mrs. Stanhope has decided that I shall be presented with Adele, I must delay going no longer."

"It seems not. But it looks very like being in a great hurry to leave us, doesn't it?"

"Oh, no, no! I hope not"—and her lips trembled; "for I have been very happy here."

"Have you? I am glad of that."

"Yes, I have been," she continued, with such a strong, although unconscious, emphasis on the verb, that, struck by it, Mr. Shirley was irresistibly tempted to repeat the hackneyed quotation from Byron—

"And come what will,
I have been blessed."

As "conscience" most certainly does make cowards of us all," so these words, uttered, as they were, thoughtlessly, and without a particle of meaning, terrified poor Beatrice exceedingly. To her excited imagination, they seemed to hint a suspicion of her secret; and flushing scarlet, she replied hastily.

"You are always quoting poetry, William. That is one of the drawbacks of the country; people get so dull, saying the same things over and over again."

Mr. Shirley laughed.

"Well, for a young lady who has always professed the most romantic devotion to green trees, and poetry of all kinds and sorts, that is the queerest speech."

"I don't think so. One may like things without desiring to hear or live with them for ever."

"Of course; and it follows thence, doesn't it, that you won't like London for ever?"

"I am sure I shall not. I dislike great towns excessively, and I know very little of the Stanhopes."

"So I suppose. Why do you go to them?"

"For the reasons I gave you just now. Besides, it is right to know or be friendly with one's relations; and they are the only ones I have in the world, except yourselves."

"They are not very near, are they?"

"Mrs. Stanhope was my mother's stepsister—her father's second wife's daughter by a former husband."

"Bravo! You're a capital hand at genealogy, Beatrice. You'd be a treasure at Heraldi's College."

"I should like to be a treasure anywhere."

"Thankless puss! Are not you one here? What would you have?"

"A great deal I shall never get, I fear."

"Indeed! Don't we and your step-aunt-in-law suffice you?"

"Not quite. But now, Willie, as I am not in a joking mood, I will go in. First, though, you may as well wish me good-bye."

"Why, you're not going yet! I shall see you again."

"In public."

"Pest! what a whim this is! I wish Orsini's ghosts would descend on London, and bear the step-aunt-in-law off bodily!"

"That would not do any good, I fear—I must still go. So good-bye!"

"Must it be? Well, good-bye, then, dear—sister, I was going to say—for indeed you have been one, and the best, to me."

"And you a brother to me, Willie. I pray you may be happy."

She held out her hand.

He took it, and sliding his arm round her waist, she laid her weary head upon his shoulder. Suddenly she looked up, and said,

"Are you sure you love me, Willie?"

"Quite sure?"

"Thank God!"—and she bowed her head reverently. "I should like some one to love me; and that nobody does now—nobody in the wide, wide world?"

"Nay, there you are wrong, for I know many people who love you."

"Who?"

"Isabel?"

"She did before she knew you. Now she has no love for any but her husband."

"Her mother, then?"

Beatrice shook her head.

"Mr. Graham?"

"Yes, I do believe he does; but in his calm and peaceful age, he has no right to be troubled with the storms and tempests which active love for me would bring upon him. He must rest now. No, I have no friend but you, and even you I must not talk to."

"Why—in the name of all that is rational—why?"

"Because it may cause misunderstandings and annoyances."

"To whom?"

"To your mother."

"Nonsense! Who put that stuff into your head?"

"Nobody. But now farewell, Willie. Don't forget me."

He took her hand and held it, gazing into her troubled eyes, as he said, tenderly,

"You are unhappy, Beatrice. If you love *me*, tell me what ails you?"

"Nothing, nothing; only I don't like leaving you all, I suppose."

"In that case, why should you? Mrs. Stanhope has no claim upon you beyond your own pleasure—which, if you are happy here, would be as well consulted by staying."

"No, no, I must go!"

"There is more in this sudden resolve than meets the eye, I am certain. Come, Beatrice, trust me. I do not say that I shall be as good a friend to you as you have been to me—that would be impossible; but I would serve or comfort you at any cost or risk! Tell me, then, what distresses you?"

"I have nothing to tell, indeed, Willie. I am low-spirited and nervous to-day—that's all?"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Then I suppose I was mistaken; but I fancied all this arose from some slight tiff or other between you and my friend George Conyers."

At this name the girl's face grew a shade paler, and her heart sank, but she replied, calmly,

"That is a fancy. Mr. Conyers and I are very good friends."

"Nothing more?"

"No—nothing more."

He looked earnestly into her face, as if to read the very secrets of her heart, then said, with a disappointed whistle,

"Well, I can't disbelieve you, but I never was more deceived in my life. I hoped that all was right."

"You were mistaken, then. Like yourself, Mr. Conyers's affections are already engaged."

"Who told you so? I don't believe it?"

"I *know* it?"

"From whom?"

"Never mind. It is a fact, and therefore not worth talking about."

"It is *not* a fact, and it *is* worth talking about! Now, tell me, is it this tale which drives you away?"

"What tale?"

But although she asked the question, the conscious blood came and went upon her face, like a flickering sunbeam—now flushing it with beauty, now leaving it in shadow, and William gazing on it, continued,

"There is something wrong here, Beatrice, I feel convinced. Make a confidante of me, as I did of you. Tell me everything."

"So I would, if there was anything to tell—but there is not."

"Well, I would fain believe you, but—"

"There must be no 'but' in the case. Now, good-bye, I must go, for Adele has just drawn up your mother's blinds, and she will soon be down. Remember, if you really love me, not a word of remonstrance against my journey, when we meet at breakfast."

Immediately upon the last ringing of the bell, Beatrice entered the room where the whole party were assembled; and her aunt, looking up angrily from her occupation, exclaimed,

"What in the world is this that Julia tells me about your going to London, Beatrice?"

"Simply that I intend doing so to-day."

"Impossible—quite impossible!"

"I hope not. Why?"

"Oh, for fifty reasons! First, I have no one I could send with you."

"That is of no consequence. For thinking that it was very likely it might be inconvenient to spare a carriage, I took the liberty of despatching one of the stablemen to the town to order a fly and horses. And with Susan for a duenna, I shall be quite safe."

"I never heard of such a thing! Why did you not tell me yesterday?—then I could have made some arrangement."

"Because I was not certain myself. Come, dear aunt, do not be angry. I am very sorry it has happened so; but it can't be helped!—Don't let it vex you! I shall do very well."

"Of course you will. It is not that I am thinking of; but the—"

"What? Come, mamma, don't put yourself into a state for nothing! Let the 'buts' and 'ifs' alone, and give Beatrice her own way in this case. It's a very innocent one, I am sure."

"Innocent, indeed! Running all over the country like a wild thing!"

"Oh, no; only trotting along the high road in a shaky old fly, with a pair of rusty old posters, duennaed by her old maid, and on the way from one old aunt to another! Nothing wild in that, I'm sure?"

"Not a bit of it! Couldn't be a more correct proceeding. But if you really think otherwise, mother, let her have the carriage and Bendle."

"How inconsiderately you talk, William! There is a round of calls to make to-day and to-morrow, for which I must have the barouche; and you know very well your father won't spare Bendle!"

"In that case, there is no alternative but to allow her to follow her own plan."

"Yes, there is: she might stay a few days longer. There can be no such extraordinary hurry. She has not been here a fortnight."

"I know it; but really, I think she ought to be the best judge of her own affairs. If, therefore, she considers it necessary to go, it is scarcely courteous to throw so many difficulties in the way."

"Well, I must say I think it exceedingly sad to see a young girl like Beatrice so excessively obstinate!" said Lady Shirley, tossing her head, indignantly; "but of course I have not the slightest desire in the world to press a longer visit upon her; and if she feels herself uncomfortable, she—"

"Now, mamma, this is too bad," interrupted Julia, alarmed by the pained look which was fast settling upon the orphan's face, and which seemed to indicate that her aunt's reproaches would have the effect of compelling her, in self-defence, to remain at Shirley;—"it really is! Beatrice has never said or shown by her manner that she is weary of her visit; but if you make it a matter of *offence* that a guest here, when called away by business, should wish to go, you will frighten every lady from us, and the place will become a desert?"

"I quite agree with you, Julia," said William, "and I vote, therefore, that Beatrice be allowed to go or stay just as she pleases; and without another word being said to her upon the subject. She knows how much we like to have her—how glad we should be to keep her; but if other arrangements prevent her gratifying us, we are bound by self-love, I think, to suppose that she regrets the circumstance as much as we do."

To this most rational speech, even Lady Shirley could make no objection, and although Sir James, when he came in and was told of the arrangement, made a few civil speeches of regret and entreaty, no further obstacles were raised; the subject dropped, and Beatrice left the room after breakfast, to give the necessary directions to Susan.

With a heavy heart, the poor girl sank down into her favorite seat by the window; but although the idea of departure from the only place where she should even hear of, or see George, was inexpressibly painful to her, she did not repent the step she was taking. For Julia had told her that her letter to Mr. Conyers had been delivered (she did not, of course, say by whom;) and Beatrice felt too sadly that if he could have explained his conduct satisfactorily, he would have been with her long before this.

There was no alternative, therefore, but to believe him utterly false. And none but those who have themselves experienced it, can tell the agony that follows and abides with such a conviction.

Death, with all its unutterable woe, its pitiless severance of all human ties, would have been infinitely preferable; then, she might have mourned in hope, have honored and respected him; but now, shorn of all that makes manhood worthy, how could she feel towards him?

And, oh! the shame, when this truth comes home to woman's soul, to remember how she has—ay, and alas! how she still loves the sinner. For although a few may cast a lover from their hearts, as easily as a soiled glove from their hands, when they find him worthless, the far greater number cry aloud with Moore's heroine—

"I know not—I care not if guilt's in that heart;
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

Wrapped in a miserable reverie, Beatrice was entirely unconscious that her faithful nurse had entered the room and stood beside her; and when, at last, the woman spoke in the Scotch dialect, which always returned to her when strongly excited, the dreamer started, and almost sprung from her chair.

"Heeh, lassie, ha' I frightened ye?" said Susan, soothingly. "Yer thoughts must ha' bin a sair way off, to starth at a bit touch like that?"

"Were they? I was half asleep, I think. I never heard you come in. Have you been long here?"

"A gude while—lang eno' to see how white an' wan ye are, bairnie. What's the matter? What ails ye?"

"Nothing. I was only thinking."

"Heeh! But that's what yer always doin' now. What was ye thinkin' of, lassie?"

"No, no; that's too much," said Beatrice, trying to laugh. "You are not my father confessor, Susie, so I shall not tell you."

"Maybe I'll guess."

"Oh, yes, guess away."

"Yer greetin' to gang awa' fra here."

"No, indeed. I never was more pleased to leave any place in my life; the air stifles me."

"An' yet a while agone ye loved the bonny trees an' burns like Christians, and now yer ganging to London."

"Yes, but that's different. I go there for amusement: I am wearied to death here."

"I dinna doubt it; it's an ill place. I wish ye'd never saw it."

"And I, too—I too," cried the girl, passionately, losing for a moment all self-control. "It *is* an ill place, and I do not like it."

"Nor the dwellers in it?"

"I must not say that," she answered, relapsing into gloom. "They are my relations, and I ought to love them."

"And do ye think, lassie, we're to luve our relatives just because they are our relatives, whether they're gude or ill?"

"That's a difficult question to answer; but, as your countrymen say that 'blood's thicker than water,' I suppose they, at any rate, think we ought."

"I dinna think wi' 'em, then, lassie—na, I dinna think wi' 'em. The gude Lord above—all honor to His holy name—bid us do gude to all, an' luve, contrary o' hate, our enemies; but He never bid His people tak' evil to their hearts."

"I daresay you are right, Susie—you generally are; but I can't argue now; I am tired."

"Lay yersel' down on the sofa, then, bairn, an' let me shut out the sun. Maybe ye'll sleep a bit."

"No, no. I have no time for sleeping now. The fly will be here soon. Are the trunks packed?"

"Ay, all but yon." And she pointed to one that stood beside the dressing-table, on which were piled toilette boxes, bottles, and other feminine belongings.

"That's right. Then now I will put up those things myself, and all will be ready."

She knelt upon the floor, and taking the pretty cases and boxes—old friends from childhood—from the table, she arranged them carefully in the trunk, and in so doing a small sheet of pink paper, folded as a letter fell from them on the floor.

The first glimpse she showed her what it was, and her heart beat thick as she recognized the letter Julia had shown her the night before, and which she had until now forgotten; and, seizing it eagerly, she opened her desk and locked it in the secret drawer, murmuring as she did so,

"There I will keep that as long as I live, in order that I may never forget that he is a villain."

"Heeh, lassie, what?"

"Nothing; only a line from an old story. Hark! there's a sound of wheels in the avenue. The fly is here. Call some one to cord these trunks and get them down. Give me my bonnet and cloak, and let us go."

She was obeyed; and running quickly down stairs, the last adieus were soon spoken, and the servants, having arranged the luggage, Beatrice and her maid entered the vehicle, and were on the point of starting, when William came up, and re-opening the door, sprang into the carriage, saying,

"I shall accompany you the first stage; perhaps all the way."

Really glad of the escort, the orphan made room for her cousin beside her. His mother smiled, and nodded approvingly; Julia laughed disagreeably; and while Sir James bowed and repeated innumerable invitations for the future the fly rolled away.

Two miles from the park gates, and a little way from the town, stood a pretty white house, covered over with creepers, which at any other time would have instantly attracted Beatrice's attention; but now she was too busy talking to William about his wife to observe anything, although George Conyers, standing by an open window watching for it, saw the carriage drive past, the cousins, side by side, conversing earnestly, and uttering a groan "not loud, but deep," he turned away.

* * * * * * * *

"Julia," said William one morning, about a month after their cousin's departure, "have you the least idea what has been the matter with George Conyers lately? He seldom or never comes here now, and when he does, his manner is most extraordinary—at times, almost offensive. If we were not such old friends, I should be inclined to ask him what he means."

And he would answer, 'Nothing.'"

"Oh! but he does. There's a screw loose somewhere, and I should like to discover it. Yesterday I met him at the Beauchamps; they were talking of Beatrice, praising her beauty, and so on, and I happened to say how much we regretted her absence, appealing to him jokingly to corroborate me, when, instead of replying in the same spirit, he turned short on his heel, said something nobody could hear, and walked off. Can you account for it?"

"Not I. Men's moods are quite as incomprehensible as the wind's, and I could as soon give a reason for one as the other," answered Julia, advancing to the window and taking up such a position behind its drapery as to shield herself entirely from her brother's observation.

"But you and he were so uncommonly thick."

"Well, are we not so now?"

"I can't tell. Only where he used to come here twenty times, he now does not come once."

"That's his own fault. He has a welcome if he chooses to accept it; and if he does not, he has only himself to blame. Perhaps he is ill, though."

"No, he is not. I asked his father yesterday."

"Did *he* see that anything was the matter with him?"

"Yes."

"Ha! What?"

"Oh, the most ridiculous thing in the world. He fancies he's tired of his profession, and wants change."

"Absurd!"

"So I said. Nevertheless, George humors the notion, and is going on the Continent for a year or two."

The embroidery fell from Julia's hand, but she picked it up instantly, placed another stitch, and said, with wonderful steadiness of voice,

"The Continent! Who on earth has put that into his head?"

"Himself, I suppose! Don't you think he is capable of originating the idea? It is not positively profound or novel."

"No; perhaps not. But I should not have thought he was able to afford it. What's to become of his practice while he's wandering about?"

"And all the young ladies who are dying for his sake? Really, I don't know. The maidens will console themselves in their usual way, I suppose.

"'Fresh freres will dry the bright blue eyes
We late left swimming o'er.'

But for the clients, they'll go elsewhere, to a certainty."

"Of course they will. Was there ever such a wild scheme? And as for the young ladies, he would find it difficult to persuade one to die for him, I fancy."

"I'm not quite so sure; he's an uncommonly good looking fellow, and I suspect I could name a dozen girls, who would only be too glad to get hold of him."

"What, with his income?"

"Ay, with his income, making it up with theirs; but I fear they would have but a poor chance of success. For, between you and me, Julia, I more than half believe that our fair cousin Beatrice has more to do with George's present mood than he would like people to think."

"Nonsense!"

"I am sure of it. Remember how very constant he was in his attentions when he was here—how seldom he comes now she is gone, and how he avoids even the very mention of her name. I wish I was certain all was right."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that there is something more than meets the eye in the whole business. Recollect what a good understanding there was between them when we came back from that villainous castle; then how, without any really adequate reason, she set off two days after to London: he almost ceases his visits here, and then goes off on the Continent, too. It's all very well talking of business, and health; but I don't believe a word of either—there's something wrong."

"I cannot see it. However, if there is, they are quite competent to find it out."

"I should like to help them."

"Pray don't attempt it. Everybody likes best to manage such things themselves. Now do throw open that window, and give me the can de Cologne. How hot it is!"

"Yes; and how pale you look! I think you want change!"

"Why?—because the weather is hot, and I have got a headache?"

"Are you sure it is not heartache?"

"Of course. What an idea! I have no heart, William; so it cannot ache. Have you never heard it said that I was made of stone?"

"Yes, I have heard it, certainly; although I know otherwise. I have heard Conyers say so."

"Conyers?"

"Yes. Talking of other girls, and comparing you and Beatrice, and a score more with them?"

"Well?"

"It's hardly fair to repeat what fellows say over their wine."

"But to me—one of those who has been canvassed—I should so like to know what they said."

"Oh, they all agreed you were a handsome girl, only so tremendously proud and cold."

"And did Mr. Conyers say so, too?"

"Yes."

"He?—Well, never mind; he should have known better."

"So he should; but his perceptions are so dulled with something—I think love for Beatrice—that he can't judge rationally of anything."

"He must be an idiot to persist in loving a girl who is so completely indifferent to him."

"But is she so?"

"If she was not, would she have gone off in the way she did? Bah! she was an arrant coquette, and cared no more for him than for this dead rose!" And she flung one at her feet scornfully. "Trust women to find out one another."

"Yes, they're very clever! Only it seems to me that they very often find out what is not in existence."

"Of course! when was a sister ever right? But you'll all see the truth some day, and discover that your angel is not quite so perfect as you fancy."

"I daresay—I never supposed she was perfect; there is but one woman on earth that will ever be that to me. And ah, Julia! is there any progress in that matter?"

"No; you must be patient."

William sighed deeply.

"Alas! I pay a heavy penalty for my selfish haste. I would avow everything, and set the whole world at defiance, but that it would break her heart."

"It's fortunate she is so much wiser than you. Do emulate her wisdom—learn to be patient!"

"Patient! patient! Oh, heaven, am I not patient?"

"Not very, I think. You forget that 'as you sow, so you must reap.'"

"No, I do not. I am willing to reap—bear anything; but she ought to be spared. As mine was the sin, so mine should be the punishment."

"And is it not?"

"Not wholly. For every sorrow I feel, preys with double venom upon her; and though she tries to conceal it, I know that she is not happy."

"And no wonder; you have placed her in a most wretched position. I can't conceive what her parents were about to allow it; but I suppose the brilliancy of the match dazzled them."

"Indeed it did not. I am no such great person in their eyes, I assure you. It was their child's happiness they sought; and whether I had five thousand a-year, or five pence, was immaterial to them, so that was secured."

"What superb magnanimity! It is to be hoped they will be as indifferent to worldly trash when they find mamma implacable!"

"Do not sneer, Julia—my mother will not be implacable if you are true to us. If you are not, I must bring Beatrice here again."

"Very well; I shall be very glad to resign this business to her."

"Do you mean it? Then I will write to her at once; for go on in this way I will not!"

"How then? Come, William, be patient, and talk sense—don't try to exalt your new father and mother into sublimities, or pit me against Beatrice. I will do for you all I can, but I must have time and confidence."

The next day there was a dinner party at Shirley, and George Conyers was invited.

At first he declined; but Sir James, meeting him in the town a day or two before, and hearing of his project of going abroad, refused to accept his excuse, and insisted upon seeing him.

He went, therefore, and to his great satisfaction—for he dreaded a family party—he found a fair proportion of the dining-out neighborhood assembled in the drawing-room.

It was a pleasant gathering, for the dinners at Shirley were first-rate, the *chef* excellent, and the cuisine and wines the best in the county. Julia, too, profiting by her brother's criticism, was gay—almost brilliant—so that George, who took her in, and of course sat by her, for the first time in his life, actually admired her.

Her costume, too, became her so well.

Instead of the cold colors she usually wore, she had on a dress of pale pink satin, decorated with exquisite lace; in her hair was a lovely moss rose and buds, and her countenance, flushed with excitement and anxiety, was charming.

Gladly then he sought her in the drawing-room, when the gentlemen returned to it, and although the conversation languished between them, she was satisfied.

By and-by, during one of the many pauses which occurred, a gentleman came up and petitioned for some music and Julia rising, readily asked what he would have?

"Anything."

She looked to George.

"Oh, a ballad—something simple."

"Not Italian, then?"

"No—English."

She went to the instrument, and turned over her folio: in it lay that plaintive song of Mrs. Norton's—since become so deservedly popular—"Love Not," and taking it out, she placed it on the piano.

During the first two verses George remained by her side, the gloom deepening on his face; but when the third came—

"Love not, the thing you love may change,"

he moved away, and leaning against a pillar, remained, with folded arms, gazing on the floor.

Carried away by the words, which she felt to her heart's core, Julia sang with energy and feeling; and on the last line—

"The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true,"

her voice lingered with an agonized pathos, which utterly broke down her hearer's composure, and giving her one glance of suffering, George moved abruptly away, and retreated into the conservatory.

Without reflecting for a moment upon the singularity of the step she was taking, or giving herself an instant to think, Julia sprang from her stool, and followed him.

He was standing beside the fountain, gazing sternly into its tremulous waters, and started, almost nervously, when she approached and spoke.

"I fear you are ill, Mr. Conyers?"

"No—at least, not very; I have only a headache."

"One of the worst physical ailments one can have."

"Yes; but I am getting pretty well used to it now. I have suffered from one, more or less, during the whole of the last month. I am ashamed, though, to have disturbed you with it."

"You have not disturbed me, unless with sorrow to see you thus. Oh, Mr. Conyers, when will you learn to believe that the grief which rends one friend's heart, must, if it be true, rend the other's also? Is it possible you think me blind to the real cause of your pain; or that I do not know it is the heart, and not the head, that aches?"

"If you do know, you will not wonder that I beg it of your goodness to let the subject drop. I cannot talk about it."

"You still love her, then: in spite of that letter—the way she treated you—you still love her?"

He bowed sadly and gravely.

She gazed on him with heaving breast, her color coming and going fast. His stern composure was maddening her; a sort of reckless daring was coming over her spirit, and she felt as if she would, she must avow all, and die there, at his feet.

An accident, however, saved her—the fall of a camelia, dislodged from its stand by her dress; and while George disentangled it from the debris—she had time to think.

An awkward pause ensued, and then, in an embarrassed voice, Mr. Conyers said,

"Have you heard from London lately?"

"From my cousin, you mean? Yes."

"She is well, I hope?"

"Perfectly!"

"And happy?"

"I should think so, seeing she is on the point of realizing the great object of her life?"

"Indeed!"

He spoke questioningly, but Julia would not understand it, and remained silent until he asked,

"May I not know what she is about to do? I am leaving England almost immediately, and may not have another opportunity of hearing."

"Are you going abroad for the purpose of forgetting her?"

"Perhaps; although I shall not succeed."

"What would help you to do so?"

"I cannot tell. Death?"

"Would not her marriage?"

"Her marriage! Good Heaven! is that what she is doing? But your brother?"

"Oh, he has nothing to do with it! She has quite forgotten his existence by this time, I daresay."

"Impossible!"

"Why? It's a month ago."

"But after what I saw myself—his arm around her—"

"Well, and was not yours around her the night before?"

He ground his teeth, and stamped his heel fiercely; and the traitress went on relentlessly.

"When shall I convince you of her utter heartlessness? She never cared for William—she never cared for you—nor does she care for this new lover."

"New lover! Another?"

"Ay, another and another, if the last is always greater than the first."

"I cannot believe it."

"No, nor would you if an angel from Heaven appeared, and told you; but her marriage will speak for itself."

"It will, indeed!"

"Prepare for it, then—for it will soon take place: unless, indeed, a *royal* duke steps in, and then, of course, this one will be discarded."

"In what you are saying true? Do you know it?"

"Yes. I had a letter from Beatrice this morning, full of triumph at her success, and saying that one of the oldest dukes in England was at her feet."

"Impossible—impossible!"

"Will you read the letter? I will bring it in a moment."

"Not for worlds! Oh, Heaven! if I could believe this—realize that she is indeed the worthless coquette you represent, then—then—"

"You would forget her, and be happy—turn to some truer, nobler heart."

"Never! She was my first real love—she will be my last! Deceived once, I will never put it into any woman's power to mock me again."

"That is unjust. Because one has proved faithless, it does not follow that all are false."

"Certainly not. But he is the wisest who keeps out of the way of danger."

"True. But danger is not inevitable; and it may be that some one will love you, even as you loved her."

"That is impossible."

"But if it should be, you would not surely be so cruel as to doom her to the suffering you have endured?"

"I could not help it."

"You would not."

"Perhaps so. Luckily we are only supposing a case, which, for the sake of all concerned, is, I hope, impossible."

"I hope so, too; but stranger things happen in this world, and this might chance among the rest. What if it should?"

"I have already told you. I should say, as I say now, 'I have loved once, and been betrayed; and I will never believe or trust another woman, was she pure as the angels, and as beautiful.'"

"And this is your final resolve?"

"It is."

"You will not keep it. However, we will not discuss the subject further now. I am tired, and the night has grown fearfully cold. I will go in."

Side by side, not speaking a word, they crossed the conservatory to a door which led into the hall, from which ascended the great staircase; turning towards it, Julia held out her hand, saying,

"Good-night, Mr. Conyers. I have got my feet damp in some way, and as I have a cold already, may not come down again."

"Good-night, Julia—pardon me for calling you so, but I may never see you more—and good-bye. I leave England next week."

"So soon?"

"Yes. I join an old friend at Southampton, on Tuesday, and hope to sail next day."

"And your route?"

"Vienna first; then, if time allows, Egypt, and the Holy Land."

She drew her breath hard, but the hand he held did not tremble.

"A charming plan. I envy you. Good-bye. I hope the change will do you good. Farewell!"

"Farewell! And let me take with me the hope that you will always continue to be my friend, as you have been, lately. May God bless and prosper you!"

He pressed her hand, and raised it to his lips.

With a sharp cry, as if she had been stung, she wrenched it from him and rushed up stairs; and a moment after he heard her door close violently, and the bolt shot across; then, with a puzzled look, he turned and went back to the conservatory.

* * * * * * *

The same night, immediately after Lady Shirley entered her dressing-room, Julia, white as a spectre, followed her.

"Send away Adele, mother," she said. "I want to speak to you."

Her ladyship complied; then said, wearily,

"What in the world is the matter, now, Julia? I thought you were ill, and in bed hours ago?"

"No, I waited to see you, to tell you that you may send for Count Orsini as soon as you please."

"What!" and the sleeping eyes now opened widely. "Do you know what you are talking about?"

"Perfectly well."

"And remember all to which it pledges you?"

"Yes."

"Then you are prepared to marry him, at once, if he desires it?"

"Yes, the sooner the better."

"Well, you certainly are the most mysterious person I ever knew. Yesterday, you would not hear his name, and to-night you offer to marry him directly. I ought not to complain of your coming to your senses, though: I congratulate you upon it. You are my own good child."

"Keep back, mother," cried the girl, sternly drawing back from the arms outstretched to embrace her. "I am mad now, and I shall repent this deed, some day; but until then, I am at your service. Send, then, quickly for the honorable, high-minded husband you have chosen for me, or it may be that I shall repent before he comes!"

"What do you mean? I don't understand you."

"I daresay not; nobody does. But, at least, you can understand this—that I am in the mood now to marry your Count. A week hence, I may loathe him as bitterly as I did a week ago therefore, if, indeed, you desire him for a son in law, make the most of the opportunity I give you now."

"Very well; but I will not send unless I have your solemn promise to marry him when he comes. Mind this, Julia—I will have no more nonsense!"

"You need have no fear. I will marry the Count, but it must be soon—very soon!"

She raised her hand to her head as she spoke, for her eyes had grown misty and dull; but her mother made no remark, and Julia passed slowly out of the room, shutting the door carefully after her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WAR TERMS.

The Columbiad or Paixhan (pronounced paysan) is a large gun, designed principally for firing shells; it being far more accurate than the ordinary short mortar.

A mortar is a very short cannon with a large bore, some of them thirteen inches in diameter, for firing shells. Those in use in our army are set at an angle of forty five degrees, and the range of the shell is varied by altering the charge of powder. The shell is caused to explode at just about the time that it strikes, by means of a fuse, the length of which is adjusted to the time of flight to be occupied by the ball, which, of course, corresponds with the range. The accuracy with which the time of the burning of a fuse can be adjusted by varying its length is surprising; good artillerists generally succeeding in having their shells explode almost at the exact instant of striking. In loading a mortar, the shell is carefully placed with the fuse directly forward, and when the piece is discharged, the shell is so completely enveloped with flame, that the fuse is nearly always fired. The fuse is made by filling a wooden cylinder with fuse powder, the cylinder being of sufficient length for the longest range, to be cut down shorter for shorter ranges as required.

A Dahlgren gun is an ordinary cannon, except that it is made very thick at the breech for some three or four feet, when it tapers down sharply to less than the usual size.—This form was adopted in consequence of the experiments of Captain Dahlgren, of the U. S. Navy, having shown that when a gun bursts it usually gives way at the breech—The Niagara is armed with these guns, and at the Brooklyn Navy Yard there are sixty, weighing about 9,000 pounds each, and six of 12,000 pounds weight each, the former of which are capable of carrying a nine-inch, and the latter a ten-inch shell a distance of two or three miles; and there is one gun of this pattern which weighs 15,916 pounds, and is warranted to send an eleven-inch shell four miles.

A casemate is a stone roof to a fort made sufficiently thick to resist the force of cannon balls, and a casemate gun is one which is placed under a casemate.

A barbette gun is one which is placed on the top of the fortification.

An embrasure is a hole or opening through which guns are fired from fortifications.

Loop-holes are openings in walls to fire musketry through.—*Scientific American.*

☞ "Why do you walk, Bob, when you've got a donkey to ride?" said a gentleman to an Irish lad who was walking by the side of his donkey.

"Sure, then," replied the boy, "I'm just walking to rest me weary legs."

☞ A man complained that never father had so undutiful a child as he had. "Yes," said the son, "my grandfather had."

☞ People talk so coolly about the horrors of war, that manslaughter might as well be written man's laughter.

ANECDOTES OF THE BLIND.

Those who have closely observed the conduct of the blind must, we imagine, have been sometimes startled with the precise knowledge they appear to possess of what is going on around them. It would seem as though some new sense had stepped into supply the want of the faculty which they have lost, or have never possessed. We know that this is not the case, and that the ready powers of perception and appreciation which sometimes astonish us are the results of that finished education of the other senses, which is in a manner enforced upon those who live in perpetual darkness. We shall jot down a few instances which have come within our own observation and knowledge, and which, while interesting in themselves, will serve to illustrate the operation of what some writers, in alluding to this subject, have wrongly termed the sixth sense.

A poor blind pensioner, who travels London daily to call on his patrons for their contributions, and whose rounds are not much short of a hundred miles per week, on being asked how he finds his way about, tells us that, on starting from home he counts the turnings and crossings, however numerous they may be (perhaps over a five miles' route,) until he arrives at the street or row of buildings which he wants. He then "sticks it," or counts the houses, by their entrances, with his stick, until he comes to the right dwelling. This, once certified, is never afterwards forgotten; for, if he should chance to miscount, he would be made sensible of his error by the differing shape of the bell-handle, the knocker, the railings, or some trifling peculiarity in the door-step, etc., which, though they might escape the observation of ordinary persons, are obvious enough to the blind. He knows his friends, as they approach him, by the sound of their footfall, and will not allow them to pass him without giving them the "good day." He can always tell when he is passing a house or houses of two, three, or four stories high, by the difference in the sound of his own step, or of the touch of his stick on the flags. He knows the trees by their odor. A grocer's shop, a chemist's shop, a leatherseller's, or a butcher's, is as palpable to him as a milestone to a traveller or a lighthouse to the sailor. If he is ever put out of this reckoning, it is through meeting a friend and having a gossip until he forgets himself; in this case he has either to go back or forward, "sticking it," until he has recovered one of his landmarks. This poor fellow has perambulated London alone for twenty years, in all weathers, with no other guide than his stick, yet is never known to lose his way. If the reader will compare these facts with his own experience in the dark, or with the cases of persons who lose themselves in a London fog, in neighborhoods with which they have long been well acquainted, he will see sufficient cause to marvel at the resources of the blind.

A friend of the writer, attending church on the Sunday morning in a village where he had arrived the day before, encountered a blind man groping at the principal door, which, for some cause, happened on that day to be closed. Our friend took him by the hand, and led him in at a side door. After the service he led him out; but the blind man was quite nonplussed, and did not know in what direction to go. "Will you be so good as to put me where you found me first?" he said, and he was conducted back to the front door. Having certified himself of his position by a touch, he at once set off for his home, which lay at three miles distance—our friend accompanying him part of the way.—When they had walked something more than a mile along the road, the blind man stopped. "Will you have the kindness," he said, "to put your hand behind that hurdle in the hedge, and lift out my walking-stick? I always leave it there when I go to church." Now the man had been talking all the way from the village, and he could not have been counting his steps or his invisible landmarks, and there appeared to be nothing whatever in the level road which could have indicated to one stone blind the exact spot on which he stood. As our friend lifted out the stout cudgel, which certainly did not look at all like a church going article, he asked him how he could tell so precisely where he was.—"There is a tree in the hedge," said the blind man, "and that causes a lull in the air, because it stops the current; I always know when I come to the tree."

Not many months back a traveller was riding, on one of the bleak and stormy nights for which the past year will long be remembered, over a dreary district of hill, down, and dale, in central Yorkshire. He had a weary way to go, and his whole route lay in the teeth of the wind and tempest, which threatened to sweep him from the road. As he struggled on, the night grew dark and the storm more furious. Not relishing the idea of being belated on that wild spot, he set spurs to his steed, and, trusting to the animal's instincts and surefootedness, galloped through the darkness towards his destination. He had reason to repent of his precipitation, for the horse diverged from the track and became entangled in a clump of gorse and scrub, and he himself was thrown, but, fortunately, without any serious injury. He was able to mount again, and to recover the path, and, proceeding more cautiously, arrived at the village inn, where he intended to put up, about midnight. Here, on dismounting, he discovered that he had lost his watch, which had been severed from the ribbon that served as a guard, and had most likely fallen to the ground among the gorse where he had been thrown. He grieved at the loss of a valuable time-piece, and bemoaned his misfortune with the landlord.

There was a poor blind man sitting in the bar who immediately rose and volunteered to go in search of the missing watch. The case appeared hopeless to the traveller, who could scarcely describe the spot where his misfortune had overtaken him, and who deemed the attempt to recover it on the part of a blind man as supremely ridiculous; and, indeed, he hinted as much. In spite of this discouragement, however, the blind man seized his staff and set forth in the midst of the wind and pouring rain. He knew the district better than the traveller did. He traversed the six miles of stormy heath and mountain, and, heedless of the driving scud, commenced his search. Having arrived at the spot, he set his ear to the ground, and groped through the gorse in all directions; the wind howled, and the long grass whistled around him, but amidst those wild and melancholy sounds he was able at length to identify the still small ticking of the watch, which he recovered, placed in his bosom, and brought back in triumph. Here is an exploit rivalling almost the fairy feats of Fine-ear himself; it is one, however, for the truth of which we can vouch, while it is one which it is most certain that none other than a blind man could have accomplished.

It is probable that, in most blind persons, that faculty of the mind which phrenologists have supposed to be demonstrated by the organ of locality, must be exercised and perfected to an extraordinary degree. A blind workman, if he use a score or more of tools, always places his hand on the right one when it is wanted, and will tell in an instant, and even after a considerable lapse of time, whether his tool-box has been tampered with, or the arrangement of the implements altered. The perfection of this faculty is sometimes exhibited in blind chess-players, who generally attain to remarkable proficiency in the most complicated of all games. We have seen boys of tender age, and who were born blind, playing this difficult game in a masterly way, and generally checkmating their more mature antagonists. Their sole guide is their sense of touch; and it is astonishing to note with what rapidity they ascertain all they want to know by this means. By merely laying the palm of the hand and the finger-tips on the pieces as they stand, they master in a moment the position of the contending forces, and, without being informed of the adversary's moves, make the necessary disposition to defeat them.

Before the establishment of the Creche in Paris, many poor women used to get their living by taking charge, during the day, of the infants of those of the poorer classes who had to be at work in the streets, when they should have been at home nursing their helpless offspring. The most noted of these general mothers was a certain blind and poverty-stricken dame, who went by the name of old Susanne, and who had her infant hostelry in the Rue Git le Cour, near the quay. It was remarkable that while all her rivals in the nursing trade were a nuisance in their neighborhoods, owing to the crying and squalling of their unfortunate little clients, Susanne was as much noted for the unbroken tranquillity of her dwelling, where a cry or a complaining voice was never heard. It followed as a consequence that all the most unmanageable and refractory little brats were made over to her; and as surely as they came into her hands, they ceased their squalling, and either laughed, gambolled, or slept away the hours of absence from their mothers. If you entered Susanne's apartment, you found that all the noise that was made she made herself, as she sat crooning a scarcely audible lullaby amidst her babies. Her system of management was expressed in a very few words—"I sing to them softly," she would say, "and I handle them softly."

ECCENTRICITIES OF ICE.

When subjected to pressure, ice exhibits certain qualities which must exercise an important influence upon the question of glacier motion. Carnot discovered that water placed under pressure refused to congeal at the orthodox 32° F., as if in dudgeon at the constraint; or, to speak with more precision, as if the crystals could not form with the requisite freedom. Let ice, however, be subjected to compression, and a portion immediately liquifies, some of its latent caloric being probably squeezed into a sensible form.

Further it was ascertained by Mr. Faraday, that if two pieces of ice, with moistened surfaces, were placed in contact, the intervening film of water froze, and fastened them together, provided the temperature of the medium did not fall below 32° F.; nay, curiously enough, if the two lumps were placed in water as hot as the hand could well bear, they might be brought out perfectly cemented. This principle is now known under the title of "regelation." Prompted by Faraday's discovery, Dr. Tyndall executed a series of experiments, by crushing ice in wooden moulds under a hydraulic press. Though the material was reduced to fragments during the operation, those fragments immediately reunited, and came out of the mould agglutinated into a compact and continuous substance. Lenses and cups were thus fabricated, and the experimenter concluded that ice might be fashioned by the same means into vases and statuettes, or even formed into a rope and coiled into a knot.

☞ It is not uncommon for Spanish ladies to possess a hundred fans. They collect and hoard them, as a German collects pipes, as a geologist hunts after specimens.

☞ WHAT IS A COQUETTE?—A young lady of more beauty than sense; more accomplishments than learning; more charms of person than graces of mind; more admirers than friends; more fools than wise men for attendants.

> He faltered on the threshold,
> She lingered upon the stair:
> Can it be that was his footstep?
> Can it be that she is there?
>
> Without is tender yearning,
> And tender love is within;
> They can hear each other's heart-beats—
> But a wooden door is between.

☞ "Don't you think I look very young?" said a giddy lady to a gentleman who happened to be a great wag. "Yes," he replied; "you look as if you had just come from a boarding-school; but it is to be hoped that in a year or two you will be able to read, write, sit; stand, walk, and talk."

SOUTH CAROLINA'S POSITION.

The *Charleston Mercury*, in an article on President Lincoln's Inaugural, concludes as follows:—

"But still we would say to our people, for the present, keep cool, and bide your time. The honor of this State is no further involved in this matter. It has been transferred to the shoulders of the Government of the Confederate States of America. Whether wisely or not, it is now too late to discuss. Our course now is one entirely of policy and war strategy. We do not profess to be accurately cognizant of the plans of President Davis. If there is to be war, there must be a plan and a policy for the campaign. These must originate from the heads of the Government. We have now no thing to lose by time—everything to gain. War six weeks ago might have placed Virginia now by our side. War would have been in the name of the State of South Carolina—The glory, prestige and historic fame, would have been hers. It is no longer so. The blood will be hers; but little of the profit. That blood, however, her people are still, as they have ever been, willing generously to shed. Nor will any foreign foe unmolested cross her border by sea or land. Beyond this, policy and strategy must rule the action of the General Government at Montgomery. Their decision with regard to this harbor will be carried out by the troops of Carolina.

"That President Lincoln will attempt to collect revenue off the Bar is now beyond a question. What then? Here lies the question in which alone this State is directly concerned. What course is then to be pursued by the Southern Government? There are but two open. The one, immediate attack upon Fort Sumter; the other, to besiege and starve out the fortress. To attack the Fort will not remove the men-of-war from off our Bar. What, then, will be gained? It is a question.

"To declare martial law over the whole harbor, including both shores and the wharves of the city, prohibiting all approach to Fort Sumter by night or by day, excluding from it all supplies of any description, and all information or communication to its inmates, may be the policy decided upon. Salt meat and warm weather may most effectually do our work for us. To reinforce Fort Sumter is now only to hasten the period of starvation. For no ship of war can enter our harbor and land supplies. Should she succeed in running to the fort, she will be under the constant fire of three or four batteries within telling and destructive distance. She must be quickly destroyed. In the meantime our ships, or ships ladened with our goods for foreign ports, may continue their course as usual. Even should a blockade be declared, it can in no way interfere with the egress and ingress of neutral bottoms in their ordinary avocations of trade. A duty may doubtless, for the present, be collected on such imports as arrive here directly from abroad. Of this a reckoning must be made in the calculation of commerce and cost. A few months must settle the whole question. And the taking of Fort Sumter immediately cannot, as far as we can perceive, hasten that period. We will be little further when we have finished than when we have begun—minus some valuable lives.

"The above calculations are, of course, based upon the supposition that matters *inside the harbor* remain *in statu quo*. A belligerent attitude on the part of Fort Sumter must at once precipitate war, and the Fort must be taken in self-protection.

"In throwing out the above suggestions, we do not undertake to advise those much more competent to deal with the emergency than we can be. They are advanced simply as thoughts that have occurred to us in weighing and balancing the issues now before us. We let them go for what they may be worth. The proper authorities will decide upon the course that will seem best to them, and we will be entirely satisfied to assist in its execution, whatever it may be.

"We shall soon learn what are the plans of President Davis. They will probably be decided by the future action of Lincoln."

THE BANKS OF THE UNITED STATES.—The House of Representatives received, on Friday week, the Annual Report from the Treasury Department, of the condition of the Banks throughout the country. The following is a synopsis—1,396 Banks, and 173 branches being included:

Capital,	$396,485,509
Loans and Discounts,	660,960,217
Stocks,	67,072,414
Real Estate,	24,646,825
Other Investments,	14,451,034
Due by other Banks,	57,644,953
Notes of other Banks,	21,437,071
Cash items,	22,057,906
Specie,	72,350,323
Circulation,	190,255,977
Deposits,	298,017,884
Due to other Banks,	59,311,289
Other Liabilities,	21,855,254

In this synopsis are embraced all the Banks in the country, with the exception of the Banks of Louisiana, four small Banks in Delaware, one or two in Maryland, ten in Georgia, three in Alabama, and two in Tennessee, from $227,000,000 in 1851, the banking capital of the country has increased to $400,000,000 in 1860, nearly doubling itself in ten years. The number of Banks and branches has increased in the same period from 879 to 1,500, and instead of $48,000,000 of specie, which was the reserve in 1851, the Banks now hold over $84,000,000.

THE NEW CABINET.—The Senate has confirmed the following Cabinet appointments, made by the President:

Secretary of State—William H. Seward, of New York.

Secretary of the Treasury—Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio.

Secretary of War—Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania.

Secretary of the Navy—Gideon Welles, of Connecticut.

Secretary of the Interior—Caleb Smith, of Indiana.

Attorney-General—Edward Bates, of Missouri.

Postmaster-General—Montgomery Blair, of Maryland.

The votes by which these appointments were confirmed, were unanimous for all, except Mr. Bates and Mr. Blair, four or five votes being cast against each—Messrs. Mason, Fitzsimmons, and two others objecting to them because they were unwilling that any men from the slave States should go into the Cabinet.

KISSING JEFFERSON DAVIS.—A Montgomery correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune says:—"I omitted to mention, in proper connection, that quite a number of ladies, at the levee last night, were prodigal in the expenditure of kissing salutations to the President. He was abundantly kissed and re-kissed, and there were many masculines present who thought there was too much waste of that delectable commodity at such an early period in the history of the Confederation. It it be true that 'kissing goes by favor,' there were 'settled proposals' popped to the President last night, and office-seekers had better get among the kissing ladies, if they desire success and preferment. Perhaps it may not be very prudent to say, but neither the ladies nor the President seemed to dislike such 'attitudinations.'"

☞ To the man of strong will and giant energy, possibilities become probabilities, and probabilities certainties.

FROM WASHINGTON.

There is a rumor that Fort Brown has been surrendered by Capt. Hill, but it is not credited by the authorities.

The undoubted complicity of Gov. Houston with the act of Gen. Twiggs excites the most profound astonishment and regret, as he has all along been regarded as firm for the Union.

Several Virginians have been appointed to offices under the new administration.

A messenger arrived on the 9th, from Major Anderson, with despatches for the War Department. He reports the garrison at Fort Sumter all well, but they have provisions for only about two weeks more. The other points of the news contained in these despatches have not been communicated to the reporters because their publication is deemed inexpedient.

The Charleston Courier of Thursday says, the works in the harbor have made formidable progress within the past few days, under the direction of General Beauregard, in whose charge the attack on Fort Sumter has been placed.

Three soldiers, whose terms of enlistment had expired, left Fort Sumter on Wednesday.

EXPULSION OF THE SENATOR.—On the 8th, Mr. Foster, of Connecticut, offered a preamble and resolution, as follows:—

Whereas, Mr. Wigfall, now a Senator of the United States from Texas, has declared in debate that he is a foreigner and owes no allegiance to this government, but to another State and foreign government.

Therefore Resolved, That the said Wigfall be expelled from this body.

Mr. Foster said that, as Mr. Wigfall was not in his seat, he would let the resolution lie over for the present.

Mr. Clingman, of N. C., moved an amendment to Mr. Foster's resolution, by striking out all after the word whereas, and inserting, "it is understood that the State of Texas has seceded from the Union, and is no longer one of the United States."

"That the last is Resolved, That she is not entitled to be represented in this body."

Mr. Bright, of Ind., presented a list of the Standing Committees, which had previously been agreed on by the parties. On his motion, the list was unanimously accepted. The nine most important Committees are as follows:—

Committee on Foreign Relations—Messrs. Sumner (Chairman), Collamer, Doolittle, Harris, Douglas, Polk and Breckinridge.

Finance—Messrs. Fessenden (Chairman), Simmons, Wade, Howe, Hunter, Pearce and Bright.

Commerce—Messrs. Chandler (Chairman), King, Morrill, Wilson, Clingman, Saulsberry and Johnson.

On Military Affairs and the Militia—Messrs. Wilson (Chairman), King, Baker, Lane, Rice, Latham and Breckinridge.

On Naval Affairs—Messrs. Hale (Chairman), Grimes, Foot, Cowan, Thomson, Nicholson and Kennedy.

On the Judiciary—Messrs. Trumbull (Chairman), Foster, Ten Eyck, Cowan, Bayard, Powell and Clingman.

On the Post Office and Post Roads—Messrs. Collamer (Chairman), Dixon, Wade, Trumbull, Rice, Bright and Latham.

On Public Lands—Messrs. Harlan (Chairman), Bingham, Clark, Wilkinson, Johnson, Mitchell and Bragg.

On Territories—Messrs. Wade (Chairman), Wilkinson, Cowan, Hale, Douglas, Sebastian and Bragg.

On motion of Mr. Anthony, of Rhode Island, it was

Resolved, That a Committee of Three be appointed to consider and report what additional arrangements and regulations are necessary to preserve order in the galleries of the Senate.

IMPORTANT TO INVENTORS.—The patent law provides that all patents *hereafter granted* shall be in force seventeen years from the date of issue, and their extension is prohibited. It authorizes the compulsory attendance of witnesses in disputed cases; enlarges the right to patent designs in moulding, casting, electrotyping, &c., enables the commissioner to dispose of rejected models, and to dispense with models when the design can be represented by a drawing, and discriminates between the inhabitants of the United States and those of other countries. It also requires labels on patented articles, and cuts off all patents not prosecuted within two years.

A COLD BATH FOR BURNS.—Mr. Mailler states that he saw a baker, horribly burned by the fire of the oven, by keeping him in a bath of cold water, in the open air, during eighteen hours consecutively. The temperature of the bath was kept very low by the addition of additional cold water as well. The patient felt no pain from the time of his immersion; when removed from the bath, all traces of the burns had disappeared, and he was able to be at work again in five days after the occurrence of the accident.

☞ The hardest thing to hold in this world, is an unruly tongue. It beats a hot smoothing iron and a kicking horse considerably.

☞ After the peace in 1815, hundreds returned to France whose names had long since been registered among the dead; many not only to find their property in the possession of strangers, but their wives re-married, and themselves laughed to scorn as base impostors.

☞ MARCH OF INTELLECT.—A beggar, some time ago, applied for alms at the door of a partisan of the Anti-begging Society. After in vain detailing his manifold sorrows, the inexorable gentleman peremptorily dismissed him. "Go away," said he; "go—we canna give ye nothing." "You might, at least," replied the mendicant, with an air of great dignity and archness, "have refused me grammatically."

☞ The human heart, like a well, if utterly closed in from the outer world, is sure to generate an atmosphere of death.

☞ If you are not satisfied with the necessaries of life, see whether you can satisfy yourself with repining after luxuries.

☞ When people say "Necessity has no law," they must surely forget the poor law.

☞ He who can suppress a moment's anger, may prevent many day's sorrow.

☞ A cow and a camel are frequently yoked together, at the plough, in Egypt. The sight is extremely ludicrous.

☞ During the recent meeting of the Emperors of Russia and Austria, at Warsaw, a ballet, entitled, "Robert and Bertrand, or The Two Thieves," was being performed at the theatre; but on account of the simultaneous presence of the two Emperors at the performance, the police, to show them an attention as witty as it was delicate, ordered the piece to be called on the bills for that night only, "Robert and Bertrand," and suppressed the second half of the title, namely, "The Two Thieves."

☞ A wag seeing a lady at a party with a low-necked dress and bare arms, expressed his admiration by saying she out-stripped the whole party.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE NEW SENATE.—The new Senate, which convened on Monday in special session, consists of 29 Republicans, 21 Democrats, and 1 American, with 18 vacant seats. The vacancies are 2 from Kansas, 1 from Missouri, 1 from California, and 14 from the seceded States. The Kansas vacancies will, no doubt, be filled by Republicans, and those from Missouri and California, probably by Democrats. Should the seceding Senators return, there would be an Opposition majority of 6.

SELLING HIS CHILDREN.—The Cincinnati (Ohio) Press says that a widower of that city, having three fine children, aged respectively 2, 4 and 5 years, and desiring to go to California, felt them an incumbrance, and so made an arrangement to exchange them with a person for a certain amount of apple-butter, and actually completed the bargain.

ILLINOIS UNION.—A gentleman who has just returned from a trip through Randolph, Washington, and our own county of St. Clair, reports that he did not see a bad field of wheat on the whole of his route.—*Belleville Democrat.*

"OWEN MEREDITH" (Bulwer's son) is soon to be married to a German lady of rank as well as fortune.

ALBERT M. ELMER, a young man of talent, having eaten hasheesh, in Montreal, recently, for experiment, leaped out of a hotel window and broke his neck.

NEW ORLEANS, March 6.—The people of Texas have ratified the ordinance of secession by between 40,000 and 45,000 majority. It is reported that Governor Houston will resign.

THE U. S. revenue cutter Dodge, has been seized by the authorities of Texas in Galveston Bay. The second officer in command had resigned, and tendered his services to the Governor.

ONLY about one seventh of the officers of Southern birth in the Army and Navy have resigned—viz., 127 in 862.

TEXAS FORTS.—The commanding officer of Fort Brown, Captain J. B. Ricketts, 1st artillery, is preparing for defensive operations, contrary to the orders of Twiggs. The State troops were concentrating in the neighborhood and preparing for an attack. Fort Cooper, Major G. H. Thomas commanding, had been surrendered to the State.

MISSOURI CONVENTION.—Resolutions have been adopted, providing that a Committee be appointed to wait on the Commissioner from Georgia, and inform him that Missouri dis-ented from the position taken by that State, and very kindly but emphatically declined any share in the honors of secession with her.

COURT MARTIAL ORDERED.—A court martial for trial of Commodore Armstrong will assemble in Washington, D. C., on the 12th of March, and be composed of the following navy officers: Commodore Stewart, Shubrick, Stringham, Nicholson, Jarvis, Gregory, Paulding, Mervine, Reed, &c. The Judge Advocate is Allen B. Magruder. Commodore Armstrong's offence is the surrender of the Pensacola Navy Yard.

MINORITY PRESIDENTS.—In 1824, Mr. Adams, who was in a minority of 141,820, and who had much less than half of the electoral vote, was elected by the House of Representatives. In 1844, Mr. Polk was elected by the people, and was in a minority of 24,119. In 1848, General Taylor was elected. He was in a minority of 151,708. In 1856, Mr. Buchanan was elected. He was in a minority of 377,629. In 1860, Mr. Lincoln was elected. He was in a minority of 946,950 of the popular vote.

A NEGRO AT COURT.—Napoleon gave a grand ball just before the beginning of Lent, and a correspondent of the N. Y. Evening Post writes: "Among this host of sturdy, burly negro, black as ebony, with the woolliest of hair and whiskers, and the thickest of lips, wearing a magnificent order, and received with the utmost distinction by the Imperial pair and by all the ladies of the Court.—This sable personage was the son of the ex-Emperor Soulouque, the once high and mighty Duke of Marmalade, received at the Tuileries with all the honors of royalty—white or black."

COTTON SUPPLY.—The following is an extract from a priv. te letter from a young gentleman formerly of Providence, now in London, dated Feb. 8, 1861:

"There is a large and very extensive cotton company in Manchester, started a few weeks ago, and they are making preparations to raise their own cotton supply. The promoter, Mr. ——, of Tennessee, is here making a contract with them to commence raising cotton in Australia or Africa. Mr. —— has been a cotton planter for twelve years, and has owned five hundred negroes most of the time. He has closed his affairs in America, and expects to start the growth of cotton in Australia. He will have a very large capital to commence with."

The whole Diplomatic Corps called on President Lincoln, on the 5th, according to custom—and, through the Minister from Portugal, the senior Minister—expressed the good will and kind feelings of their respective Governments towards that of the United States, and for the success of the Administration. All the Diplomatic Corps, he said, entertained the best wishes for the peace and prosperity of the country, and for the continuance of the friendly feelings now existing. President Lincoln replied with much warmth, heartily reciprocating both officially and personally, the kindly sentiments expressed.

THE CITY RIOTS.—Despatches from New York with large quantities of provisions, probably destined for the relief of the 2,500 men in Texas. It will take two weeks to reach Indianola or Brazos.

A NEW journal is to be secretly propagated in Rome, devoted to the independence of Italy. It will have for its motto an extract from Cavour's speech in the Italian Parliament. "We wish to make of this Eternal City, in which twenty-five centuries have deposited their monuments of glory, the splendid capital of the new Italian kingdom."

MR. BLACK recently addressed a circular letter to all foreign governments, protesting in decided terms against the recognition of the Confederated States as an independent government, and assigned the reason at length which induced the remonstrance. The protest will probably be renewed, and, perhaps, emphasized, by the present Administration.

THE NEW TERRITORIES.—*Colorado* and *Nevada* are Spanish words. *Colorado* means colored, generally reddish, and is the name given to several rivers in America. *Nevada* means as white as snow. *Dacotah* is an Indian word.

THE FAMINE IN KANSAS.—The Leavenworth Conservative, which has been seemingly skeptical in regard to the reported famine, publishes the following: "We have received a letter from a highly respectable gentleman in Douglas county, who says: 'There would have been famine in December and January if it had not been for the Government. The supplies should now stop, it is my opinion, as about 30,000 people would actually starve to death.'"

DELAWARE.—The Legislature has adjourned. An endeavor was made to call an extra session in April, on the State of the Union, but it failed.

The Legislature refused, by a large majority, to renew the present lottery grant held by Messrs. Wood & Eddy, which expires in a few months. It is probable that no more lottery grants will be made by this State.

NORTH CAROLINA.—This State voted against the holding of a Convention by 1,000 majority. The members who were elected are two to one for the Union.

THE *Charleston Mercury* says that it is reported that President Davis has vetoed the act recently passed by the Congress to suppress the African slave trade, and questions whether this veto does not keep in force the former enactment making the trade piracy.

NEW YORK.—The town elections are reported to show the usual Republican majorities.

MISSOURI CONVENTION.—Col. Doniphan announces that the Committee on Federal relations have agreed upon a report, which will take strong grounds against secession and military coercion, and declare emphatically for the Union, recommending the Crittenden resolutions as the basis for a compromise.

MESSRS. Crawford and Forsyth are in Washington as Commissioners from the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Roman has not yet arrived. It is not probable that they will be recognized by the Administration in their official capacity.

THE SOUTHERN FLAG.—The flag finally adopted by the Montgomery Congress, is made thus: Three stripes, the first red, the next white, and the third red. In the extreme left hand corner of the flag, at the top, on a blue ground, are seven white stars in a circle.

MR. DOUGLAS ON THE INAUGURAL.—Senator Douglas, in the extra session of the Senate, expressed a very favorable opinion of Mr. Lincoln's inaugural address, after it indicated peace. He said:—"He had read the inaugural carefully, with a view of understanding what the policy of the Administration is to be as therein indicated. It is characterized by great ability, and with great directness. On certain points a critical analysis is necessary to arrive at the true construction. He had partially made such an analysis, and had come to the conclusion that it was a peace rather than a war message. He had examined it carefully and critically, and thought there was no foundation for a different opinion. On the contrary, there is a distinct pledge that the policy of the Administration shall be conducted exclusively with reference to a peaceful solution to our national difficulties. It is true the President indicates a certain line of policy, so as to be conducted as to lead to a peaceful solution; but it was not as explicit as he (Mr. Douglas) desired.

He did not want it to be inferred that he sympathized with the Administration, or in any contingency that he and the Democracy would be associated. He expected to oppose his administration on those great principles which separated parties in former times; but on questions looking to the present Union, peaceful means and the settlement of the subject of slavery by an amendment to the Constitution, if he understood the President's true meaning, he was with him. He believed that he had put the proper construction on these points. He was ready to co-operate with every man who volunteered to watch the young ones while the parents indulged in a breakdown. No sooner had the women left the babies in charge of the mischievous rogues than they stripped the infants and changed their clothes, giving to one the apparel of another. The dance over, it was then time to go home, and the mothers hurriedly took each a child in the dress of her own, and started, some to their homes ten or fifteen miles off, and were far on their way before daylight. But the day following there was a prodigious row in that settlement; mothers discovered that a single day and changed the sex of their babies, observation disclosed startling physiological phenomena, and then commenced some of the tallest female pedestrianism. Living miles apart, it required two days to unmix the sable race, and as many months to restore the women to their naturally sweet dispositions. To this day it is unsafe for any of the baby-mixers to venture within the territory.—*California paper.*

POWER OF TRANSMISSION IN THE ATMOSPHERE.—Under favorable circumstances, the atmosphere will transmit to great distances any agitation that is raised in it. As an instance of this, the experiment of M. Biot may be cited. Having an opportunity of operating with a very long cast iron pipe, forming part of an aqueduct in course of construction at Paris, M. Biot found that, even when the pipe was one thousand and forty yards, or more than half a mile long the explosion of a pistol fired into it at one end would blow out a candle at the other, and that the lowest whisper at one end was distinctly audible at the other as to the speaker himself. This experiment succeeded better at night than in the day time. Although, however, the air in a tube, where any lateral escape is impossible, shows this marvellous sensitiveness, a similar result does not follow from speaking in open, unconfined air. It is a matter of familiar experience, that even under favorable circumstances, decays and dies away, until at last it ceases to become audible. This decay is only the natural consequence of the fact that the original force is constantly spreading through a wider space, and is getting, so to speak, diluted.

AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.—Attracted by his red wagon, a herd of buffalo attacked Col. Leavenworth, while travelling in the wilds of Arkansas, lately. The phalanx blocked his road, and as he turned to flee, they rushed wildly on after him as he urged onward the terror-stricken horse. The Colonel threw out successively his overcoat and a cushion, which the animals paused to trample upon, but they soon gained upon him, and their horns were already clashing against the back of the buggy, when he plunged his horse's head deep into the hollow of a large oak, and there he was safe, the back of the buggy being the only point of attack. Discharges from a six shooter, two bottles of brandy, a cold turkey, and finally, a bottle of Scotch ale, failed to put them off sneezing and bellowing.

THE GREAT MASSACRE IN DAHOMEY.—The West African Herald publishes statements from eye witnesses of the barbaric "custom" just perpetrated at Dahomey. From this fearful narrative we learn that it was one of the most revolting which has ever taken place. Several persons sign to stating that the number of persons slain on the occasion was estimated at 2,000, but another correspondent gives the number at 7,000. He says he was present by compulsion, and that the blood swept past him like a flood into a large reservoir. Another gentleman, referring to these inhuman butcheries, says: "I assure you it made me quite sick, and at the same time I felt stunned. The poor wretches met death with perfect indifference."

☞ Many a sweetly fashioned mouth has been disfigured and made hideous by the fiery serpent tongue within it.

COLORED RAIN.—The savans of Europe are puzzling themselves about several showers of rain of a reddish hue, at Siena, in Tuscany, three of which occurred on the 28th of December last, and others on the 31st of the same month, and the 1st of January. The fall of this rain was confined to a limited portion of the town, and fell every time in the same locality. Its color was at no time deeper than weak wine and water. An analysis showed that the color must be owing to some solution, as no sediment were deposited by the water.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts and stocks of all kinds are moderate for the season. The week's sales comprise about 6000 bbls, mostly taken in small lots for export, at $5 81 for common superfine, $5,12½@5,25 for good and choice do, $5,25@5,50 for Western and Pennsylvania, and from $5,62½@5,87½ for family, the latter for selected Lancaster county, including some common middlings at $5,25 ₱ bbl. The sales to the trade have been to a moderate extent, within the above range of prices for superfine, extra and extra family, and from $6 to $6,75 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour comes in slowly, and 500 bbls have been disposed of in lots as wanted at $4,50@4,62½ ₱ bbl, mostly at the former rate. Corn Meal is dull, with sales of about 1000 bus Penna to note at $2,87½, and 450 bbls, mostly Brandywine, on terms kept private.

GRAIN.—The receipts of all kinds are moderate, but prices generally have a downward tendency, and for Wheat we reduce our quotations 4@6c ₱ bus, about 20,000 bus having been disposed of, part for shipment at 117@120c for club; 123@125c for fair to prime red, and 130@135c for reds; 130@135c Southern do, and from 135c to 155c for White, as in quality, closing dull at 126c for good Penna, and 130@135c for prime do here Reds; the bulk of the sales are of the former description. Rye is steady, with further small receipts and sales of 1000 bus Penna at 70c, and 400 at 68½c. Corn has been in limited demand only at a further decline of 1@2c ₱ bus, and about 25,000 bus, mostly new Southern Yellow, found buyers at 53@54c, and small lots of do at 55@56c, and old Yellow Corn at 62@63c, as to condition. Oats are also dull, and only about 12,000 bus have been disposed of at 28@32c for inferior to very prime Southern, and 33c to 35c for Penna. Barley is better; the receipts and stocks are very light, and 5000 bus, all offered, sold at 72@78c.

PROVISIONS.—The market generally has been dull and neglected and the transactions mostly in a small way as usual previous to including city Mess Beef at $12@14, and Mess Pork at $17½ ₱ bbl. Dressed Hogs are rather lower and quoted at $6,50@6,75 for the range. Lard sells slowly at 11@12¼c for plain and fancy Hams; 10@10¾c for Sides, and 8@8¼c for Shoulders, as in usual terms. Bacon has been quiet, and we advised of sales of 200,000 ℔s salted Sides and Shoulders, part at 9@9½c for the former and 7½c for the latter, and part at a price kept private. Lard is held at 10c@10½c in tes and 10½@11c for kegs, cash and time, and but little selling. Butter is unchanged, roll selling in lots at 17@18c, the latter for fresh, which is wanted, and packed at 9@10c. Cheese is steady and selling at 10@11c ₱ ℔. Eggs are more plenty and lower, with sales to note at 15c ₱ dozen.

COTTON.—The receipts and stocks continue light, the sales reaching some 600 bales, mostly Uplands, at from 10½ to 10¾c, cash and time, including good middling and middling fair Uplands and Tennessee at 12c@13c ₱ ℔, cash.

BARK.—There is very little offering or selling, and further sales of 50 hhds 1st No 1 Quercitron, all that could be had, are reported at ₰36, at which rate it is in steady demand. No sales of Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX continues scarce, and in request at 32c ₱ ℔ for good yellow.

COAL.—There is very little selling, either for shipment or home use, and prices are nominally unchanged. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton $3,50@3,75; Red Ash do $3,75@4; Broken do $3,20@3,75; Lehigh Lump do $3,75; Prepared do $3,75; by retail do $4,50; Schuylkill Prepared do $4,25.

COFFEE.—There have been no further arrivals, the sales being confined to some 950 bags, chiefly Rio, within the range of 11½@13c, as in quality, on the usual credit.

COPPER is dull, but without any change to note in prices.

FEATHERS are selling in lots as wanted at 45 @47c ₱ ℔.

FRUIT is very dull; Dried Apples and Peaches selling in a small way only at about previous quotations; Green Apples and Cranberries are nominally unchanged and a small business to note.

HEMP is dull and nominal, being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS.—The sales continue light at 22c@26c for new crop Eastern and Western, the latter the prime. The stock is reduced, and old Hops are very dull.

IRON.—There is rather more inquiry for this staple; about 2000 tons Anthracite have been disposed of at $22 for good No 1, and $21 for No 2 on time, including 300 tons of the latter at $20, cash, 500 tons No 1 do by the cargo at $19, and 6 mos, here. Nothing new in Scotch Pig, and the sales limited. In manufactured Iron the sales are also light, and the market without much change.

LEAD is held with more firmness, but we hear of no further sales.

LUMBER.—Business opened slowly, and the only sales we hear of are some English Laths at $1,80, and Yellow Sap Boards at $14@15 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is dull, with sales of New Orleans at 34@36c, and Cuba at 19@20c, on time.

PLASTER.—There is none arriving, and no sales have come under our notice to establish a quotation.

SEEDS.—There is a fair demand for Clovers eed, and less offering, and some 3000 bus have been disposed of, mostly at $4,75@5 ₱ bus in quality. The latter for prime. Timothy is wanted, and 300 bus sold at $2,75 ₱ bus, but holders generally ask more. Of Flaxseed, sales are making at $1,50 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin continue firm at the advance. In Rum and Whiskey but little doing. Whiskey is better, with sales of bbls at 18½@19½c for Pennsylvania and Ohio, Drudge at 17½@18c, and bbls at 18c@18½c, closing dull at the highest figures.

SUGARS are inactive, but without any changes to note, and 500 hhds only have been disposed of at 4½@5¾c for Cuba, and from 4¾ to 6¼c for New Orleans, on time.

TALLOW.—The demand is more active, and city is selling at 9½@9¾c ₱ ℔.

TOBACCO.—There is rather more doing in both leaf and manufactured, but the demand is mostly from the trade, and without any changes to note.

WOOL.—There is some little inquiry, and the market is quiet but steady, with a small business only to note at about previous rates.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1414 head, including 1300 bbls at the Avenue; 80 Cows were sold at prices ranging from $25 to 40 ₱ head. 2000 Sheep were disposed of at from 4½ to 5½c ₱ ℔, prices weight 120 lbs; and 2000 Hogs at 6½ to 7c ₱ cwt., and the corn fed as high as $8 ₱ cwt, net.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

March 9.—FLOUR dull; sales 5500 bbls at $5,05,10 for State, $5,00@5,55 for Ohio, and $5,25 @5,60 Southern. Wheat firm; 20,000 bus sold at $1,18 for Chicago Spring, and $1,25 for Milwaukee Club. Corn firm; 20,000 bus sold at 66c. Lard firm at 9½@10c. Whiskey dull at 17½c.

FUR MARKET.

The following quotations indicate the present state of the market as nearly as may be at this time. We do not quote—

	Nor. & Eas. No. 1.	Western No. 1	Southern No. 1.
Otter, ₱ piece,	$4,50@5,50	$4,50@5,00	$2,50@3,50
Black & Silver Fox,	10@20	10@20	10@20
Cross Fox,	3@4	3@4	3@4
Red Fox,	1@1,25	87½@1,00	37½@87½
Gray Fox,	50c@75c	50c@75c	37½@50c
Black Bear,	5,00@6,00	3,00@5,00	75@1,50
Fisher,	3,00@4,00	1,00@3,00	75@1,50
Marten, common	1,00@1,50	75@1,00	50@75c
Do. dark,	1,25@1,50	1,00@1,25	75@1,00
Mink, dark	1,75@2,00	1,00@1,50	75@1,00
Muskrat,	10@12½	—@—	—@—
Beaver, ₱ ℔	1,00@1,50	—@—	—@—
Beaver, ₱ piece	—@—	1,00@1,50	75@1,00
Raccoon, Indian			
ash'd	50@75	50@75	—@—
Raccoon, com	30@40	30@40	15@20
Opossum	—@—	10@15	5@10
Wild Cat,	—@—	—@—	—@—
Wolf, Prairie	—@—	—@—	—@—
Wolf, large White	1,00@1,50	—@—	—@—

COLORED RAIN.—The savans of Europe are puzzling themselves about several showers of rain of a reddish hue, at Siena, in Tuscany, three of which occurred on the 28th of December last, and others on the 31st of the same month, and the 1st of January. The fall of this rain was confined to a limited portion of the town, and fell every time in the same locality. Its color was at no time deeper than weak wine and water. An analysis showed that the color must be owing to some solution, as no sediment were deposited by the water.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In San Antonio, Texas, on the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Lieut. GEORGE W. HOLT, U. S. Army, to HELEN MARY, daughter of the late Dr. Thos. F. Ash, of Philadelphia.

On the 7th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. JOHN LEMING, to Miss MARIA T. SCHNEIMAN, daughter of the late Abraham Schureman, Esq. both of this city.

On the morning of the 4th instant, in this city, by the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., Hon. THOS. M. TURNER, to LOUISA S. daughter of the late John Nevin, Esq., all of Savannah, Ga.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Dr. Dales, Mr. WILLIAM W. WILEY, of Conshohocken, Pa. to Miss MARY A. BOGLE, of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. S. Johnston, Capt. PETER LANE, to Miss EMMA M. ASKIN, both of this city.

On the 3d inst., by the Rev. Thos. S. Johnston, Mr. JAMES KENNEDY, to Miss ANNA GRACE, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. WILLIAM REWALT, of Belvidere, N. J. to Miss LOUISA SHOEMAKER, only daughter of Chas. Shoemaker, Esq. of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Wednesday morning, March 6th, LIZZIE, second daughter of Richard J. Downing.

On Monday morning, 4th instant, Dr. THOMAS HARRIS, U. S. N. in his 70th year.

Suddenly, on the 6th instant, ANDREW MCBRIDE, Jr. in his 38th year.

Suddenly, on third-day, 5th instant, GAINER MORRIS, in his 84th year.

On Wednesday afternoon, March 6th, ALEXANDER F. son of the late Rev. Chas. Williamson, aged 25 years.

On Sunday morning, March 3d, Dr. WILLIAM HARRIS, aged 68 years.

Suddenly, on Friday evening, 1st instant, CLEMENT L. B. MCCLUSKEY, son of the Rev. John and Lydia H. McCluskey, in his 28th year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. ELIZA A. ROBERTS.

On the morning of the 4th of third mo. BENJAMIN MARTIN, Sr. aged 80 years.

On the 3d instant, PRESLEY J. MIDDLETON, in his 45th year.

On the 4th instant, MARTHA, wife of Jas. Graham, in her 71st year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. REBECCA HEMMEL WRIGHT, in her 77th year.

On the 18th ultimo, SARAH S. CHURCH.

On the 18th ultimo, Mrs. JANE CRAWFORD, aged 80 years.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868	103	—
" " 6 " 1867	100	—
" " 6 " 1862	98	—
" " 5 " coupon 7 to 1874	92½	—
Penna 5 pr ct, old	91	91½
" 5 " new	102½	102½
" 5 "	—	—
Phila 6 pr ct, —	—	6½
" 6 " coupon —	—	6½
Allegh City 6 pr ct, 67	—	—
" " 6 " Loan 69	—	—
Penna 6 pr ct, 1866	—	93
" 6 " 1867	—	93
Penna 6 "	—	—
" 6 " coupon	—	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	85
Missouri "	—	85
Ohio " 1886	—	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	90½	91
Tennessee "	91	91½
Ind State 5 pr ct	94	—
Canal, STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch' Nav 6 pr ct	—	—
" loan '62	66½	63
" loan '72	73	80
" stock	—	8½
Lehigh Nav 6 pr ct	86	86½
Lehigh Nav stock	55	56½
Morris Canal 6 pr ct, 1877	90	91
" scrip	34½	35
Morris Canal'd	55	56
" preferred	110½	111
Penna Del	87	88
" bonds	71	—
Union	15	—
" bonds	15	20

	Bid.	Asked.
Sus & Tide-water	18½	19
" bonds, 1872	77	—
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R	—	—
1st mort bonds	100	—
2nd "	90	95
" stock	39½	39½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1868	96	96
" stock	114	115
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	73½	—
" mort 6 " '41	93	—
" stock	71½	72
" "	21	21 3/8
Phil, Wil & Bal R R stock	36	—
Phil & Erie 1st loan '56	—	94
Erie R R	—	—
" Ya let mort	—	63½
" 2nd "	—	—
" stock	7	—
Catawissa R R	—	—
Beaver Meadow stock	—	99
" preferred 10 pr ct	56	—
North Penn R R stock	7	8
" 6 pr ct loan	54	55
Phil Ger & Nor R R	61	62
Phil & Read R R stock	61	62½
" 6 pr ct loan	96	—
Erie R R stock	36	37
Hudson River R R	3½	—
N Y Central	77	—
Michigan Centra	—	—
Illinois Central	—	—
Michigan Southern	—	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 9, 1861.

Alabama	4 dis.	Missouri	10 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	par	New Brunswick	1 dis.
Delaware	par to 1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	—	New York City	par
Georgia	3 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	10 dis.	North Carolina	5 dis.
Indiana	14 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	5 dis.
Iowa	10 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky	11 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	20 dis.	South Carolina	5 dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	5 dis.
Maryland	1 to 4 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	24 dis.	Virginia	1 dis.
Mississippi	—	Wisconsin	10 dis.

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Is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

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—If you do, and your beard wont grow, use my ONGUENT, which will force them to grow in 42 days, and won't stain or injure the skin. Sent by mail, postage free, anywhere. Price $1.
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ALL KINDS
OF
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By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea and Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness.*

For Literary Men, Students, Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits,* they are valuable as a *Laxative,* improving the appetite, giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

THE CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous system* or from a deranged state of the *stomach.*

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

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Sold by Druggists and all other dealers in Medicines.

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THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS OF
SPALDING'S
CEPHALIC PILLS,
WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM
HEADACHE,
THAT A
SPEEDY AND SURE CURE
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As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. SPALDING, *they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.*

MASONVILLE, CONN., Feb. 5, 1861.

MR. SPALDING,
SIR:
I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them so well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.

Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.

Send the Pills by mail, and oblige
Your ob't Servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERFORD, PA., Feb. 6, 1861.

MR. SPALDING,
SIR:
I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills, *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.* Yours, respectfully,
MARY ANN STOKHOUSE.

SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGTON CO., PA., 1 January 18, 1861.

H. C. SPALDING,
SIR:
You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.
Respectfully yours,
JNO. R. SIMONS.

P. S.—*I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

BELLE VERNON, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.

HENRY C. SPALDING, Esq.
Please find inclosed twenty five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*
Direct A. STOVER, P. M.,
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

BEVERLY, MASS., Dec. 31, 1860.

H. C. SPALDING, Esq.
Please send me a circular or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send to me.

One of my customers has to subject to severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) *was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills,* which I sent her.
Respectfully yours,
W. B. WILKES.

REYNOLDSVILLE, FRANKLIN CO., OHIO, January 9, 1861.

HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 Cedar st., N. Y.
DEAR SIR:
Inclosed find twenty five cents, (25,) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send them to address of Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.
Your Pills melt like a charm over Headache at most indicative.
Truly yours,
WM. C. FILLER.

☞ A package of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save to a family its cost annually. ☜

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SAVE THE PIECES!
ECONOMY! DISPATCH!
"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE." ☜

As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.

"USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."

N. B. A Brush accompanies each Bottle. Price 25 cents.
Address, HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 CEDAR STREET, New York.

CAUTION.

As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name,

☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE. ☜

is on the outside wrapper all others are swindling counterfeits.
nov17-1y

BOOK AGENTS

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, AT LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 1027 Mercer street, New York; if you live West, the same, at 141 Main Street, Cincinnati. mh15-tf

☞ PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want Employment, send at once for the LIBERAL CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post paid, ROBERT SEARS,
aug13-1y Publisher, 181 William St., N. Y.

S. FRANK PALMER,
SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to
THE STONE EDIFICE,
No. 1009 Chestnut St., Philad'a.—1009.
THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense for the business, contains every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at the House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS," (under the New Patents,) in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs are worn,* (though few are suspected and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world,) attests the public value of these inventions. All *genuine Palmer Limbs have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets which contain the *New Rules for Amputations,* and full information free on receipt of *limbs,* sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address
S. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oct6-1y 1009 Chesnut St., Philada.

"WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $5 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $3 to $5 per day may be REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,)
ACTON & CO.,
oct20-tf 37 North Sixth St., Philada.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER relative to BRANDRETH'S PILLS demands attention from INVALIDS:

Hammonton, N. J., May 7, 1860.

DR. BRANDRETH:—Dear Sir—I have long wanted to write to you and express my gratitude for the beneficial effects that have been experienced in my own family, and in hundreds, aye, thousands of others, by the use of BRANDRET

Wit and Humor.

"THE COURT'S" FINANCIAL RELATIONS.

Scene—A Northern Court Room.

Enter juror (who has detained Court at least an hour.)

Judge (much irritated)—Mr. Clerk, enter a fine of twenty-five dollars against Mr. Smith.

Smith—Did I understand your Honor to fine me twenty-five dollars?

Judge—Yes, sir.

Smith drawa his pencil and addresses the following note to his Honor

"Dear Judge,—That little difference, upon the winding up of that game of 'draw,' amounted to 'just fifty.' Pay the clerk that 'twenty-five,' and hand the balance to the sheriff. Yours, &c.,

"SMITH."

(Sheriff hands the note to the Judge, who inspects it for a moment. The judicial frown gives place to a most benevolent and satisfied smile, as his Honor stammers):

"Ah—yes! certainly—yes—valid excuse—certainly—valid excuse—certainly. The clerk will remit Mr. Smith's fine."

NOT DEEP ENOUGH FOR PRAYING.

We heard, a night or two since, a tolerable good story of a couple of raftsmen. The event occurred during the late big blow on the Mississippi, at which time so many rafts were swamped, and so many steamboats lost their sky-riggings. A raft was just emerging from Lake Pepin as the squall came. In an instant the raft was pitching and writhing as if suddenly dropped into Charybdis, while the waves broke over with tremendous uproar, and expecting instant destruction, the raftsman dropped on his knees and commenced praying with a vim equal to the emergency. Happening to open his eyes an instant, he observed his companion, not engaged in prayer, but pushing a pole into the water at the side of the raft.

"What's that yer doin', Mike?" said he; "get down on yer knees, now, for there isn't a minit between us and Purgatory!"

"Be aisy, Pat," said the other, as he coolly continued to punch the water with his pole; "be aisy, now! *what's the use of praying when a fidler can fetch bottom with a pole?*"

Mike is a pretty good specimen of a large class of Christians, who prefer to omit prayer as long as they can "fetch bottom."

LOVE AND WHISKEY.

A wayward son of the Emerald Isle "left the bed and board" which he and Margaret, his wife, had occupied for a long while, and spent his time around rum-shops, where he was always on hand to count himself "in" whenever anybody should "stand treat." Margaret was dissatisfied with this state of things, and endeavored to get her husband home again. We shall see how she proceeds—

"Now, Patrick, my honey, will you come back?"

"No, Margaret, I won't come back."

"And won't you come back for the love of the children?"

"Not for the love of the children, Margaret."

"Will you come back for the love of myself?"

"Niver at all. 'Way wid ye"

Margaret thought she would try another inducement. Taking a pint bottle of whiskey from her pocket, and holding it up to her truant husband, she said—

"Will you come for the drop of whiskey?"

"Ah, me darling," said Patrick, unable to withstand such temptation, "it's yourself that'll always bring me home agin—ye has such a winning way wid ye, I'll come, Margaret."

Margaret declared that "Patrick was reclaimed by moral suasion."

TOO STRAIN FOR HIM.—Professor Johnson, of Middleton University, was one day lecturing before the students of Mineralogy. He had before him quite a number of specimens of various sorts to illustrate his subject. A roguish student, for sport, slyly slipped a piece of brick among the stones. The Professor was taking up the stones one after another and naming them.

"This," said he, "is a piece of granite; this is a piece of feldspar," etc.

Presently he came to the brickbat. Without betraying any surprise, or even changing his tone of voice,—

"This," said he, holding it up, "is a piece of impudence."

There was a shout of laughter, and the student concluded that he had made little by that trick.

DIDN'T WANT AN APTETITE.—The Mountain Democrat is responsible for the following:—

A disappointed candidate called for an "eye opener" in the Orleans Hotel, Sacramento. The barkeeper speedily completed a cocktail, and was topping it off with absynth.

"What's that? what's that?" demanded the man outside of the counter.

"It's absynth, sir. It'll give you a good appetite."

"Appetite! bah! take that stuff out; take it out! I don't want no appetite—what's a feller want of an appetite when he hain't got money enough to pay for his breakfast?"

COULD NOT TELL.—A stout, red faced Englishman, in a white beaver, blue coat and buff vest, offered to wager a ten pound note that he would close his eyes, and, simply by taste, name any kind of liquor in the house. The bet was taken, and the process of wining or losing commenced forthwith.

"This is genuine port," said the fat gentleman, tasting from a wine-glass. "And this—this is whiskey," and so through the hotel's "mantles." A wag then poured a few drops of pure water into the glass, and handed it to the connoisseur. "This is—ah—ah—this is (tasting it)—by Jupiter! gentlemen, I lose the bet. I never tasted this liquor before."

A CLEVER ZOUAVE TRICK.—During the spring of 1860, in Algiers, the tribe of Beni Sussein were meditating an attack on the French. Being short of powder, they tried to obtain it from their enemy, offering one dollar *for* a cartridge, they found the supply equal to the demand. Soon the transaction leaked out among the officers, who laid a trap, and caught an old Zouave in the act of pocketing four dollars for four cartridges. Being brought before the court-martial, old Zou-Zou pleaded guilty, and requested the favor to blow his own brains out and avoid formalities. This being granted, a horseman's pistol was brought in, loaded by the culprit, and applied to his temple. Click! the cap only exploded. "Try again," said the commander. So he did. Click! The court began to laugh, for it saw the cartridges which he had sold were made of coal-dust and not powder, and that, as demonstrated in his attempts at self-punishment, they were not likely to go off—save to the Arabs. Old Zou-Zou was permitted to return to his duty.

SIGNATURE OF THE CROSS.

The mark which persons who are unable to write are required to make instead of their signature, is in the form of a cross, and this practice, having formerly been followed by kings and nobles, is constantly referred to as an instance of the deplorable ignorance of ancient times. This signature is not, however, invariable proof of such ignorance; anciently the use of this mark was not confined to illiterate persons; for among the Saxons the mark of the cross, as an attestation of the good faith of the person signing, was required to be attached to the signatures of those who could write, as well as to stand in the place of the signature of those who could not write.

In those times, if a man could write, or even read, his knowledge was considered proof positive presumptive that he was in holy orders. The word *clericus* or clerk was synonymous with penman, and the laity, or people who were not clerks, did not feel any urgent necessity for the use of letters. The ancient use of the cross was, therefore, universal, alike by those who could and by those who could not write it; it was, indeed, the symbol of an oath from its holy associations, and generally the mark. On this account Mr. Charles Knight, in his notes to the Pictorial Shakspeare, explains the expression of "God save the mark," as a form of ejaculation approaching to the character of an oath. This phrase occurs three or more times in the plays of Shakspeare, but hitherto it has been left by the commentators in its original obscurity.

THE KING AND SEIDLITZ POWDERS.—On the first consignment of seidlitz powders in the capital of Delhi, the monarch became deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing box. A box was brought to the King in full court, and the interpreter explained to the King how it should be used. Into the goblet he put the twelve blue papers, and having added the water, the King drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance expressed no signs of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury; and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved, and as eagerly swallowed by his Majesty. With a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi is numbered with the kingdoms, the monarch rose, staggered, exploded, and in his full agonies, exclaimed, "Hold me down!" then rushing from the throne, fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long continued effervescence of the compound, sparting like ten thousand pennyworths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death—a melancholy and humiliating proof that Kings are mortal.

ANCIENT SCHOOLS.—It has been asserted by Martin Luther that he was once whipped fourteen times in one forenoon at school.—The old German schools were frightful dens of barbarism. An obituary in one of their school journals, as late as 1782, contains the following singular statement of educational exertions:—"Died, Hamlarle, assistant teacher in a village of Suabia. During the 51 years 7 months of his official life, he had, by a moderate computation, inflicted 911,732 blows with a cane, 124,010 blows with a rod, 20,989 blows and raps with a ruler, 136,715 blows with the hand, 10,236 blows over the mouth, 7,905 boxes on the ear, 1,115,800 raps on the head, and 22,763 *nota benaris* c. knocks with the Bible, catechism, singing book and grammar. He had 777 times made boys kneel on peas, and 613 times on a three-cornered piece of wood, and 1,707 hold the rod up; not to enumerate various or unusual punishments which he contrived on the spur of the moment. He had about 3,000 expressions to scold with, of which he had found about two thirds ready made in his native language, and the rest he had invented himself."

HISTORICAL ORIGIN OF THE FORGET ME-NOT.—The forget me not is cherished and loved by all, and we think its interest may be enhanced by the following quaint little history concerning it, for which we thank Miss Agnes Strickland:—"The royal adventurer, Henry of Lancaster—the banished, aspiring Lancaster—appears to have been the person who gave to the *myosotis palustris*, or forget me not, its emblematical and poetical meaning, by writing it, at the period of his exile, on his collar of S. S., with the initial of his soul, or watchword, *Soveraigne remede moy*; thus rendering it the symbol of remembrance, and, like the subsequent fatal roses of York and Lancaster, and Stuart, the lily of Bourbon, and the violet of Napoleon, a historical flower. Few of those who at parting exchange this simple touching appeal to the memory, are aware of the fact that it was first used as such by a royal Plantagenet prince, who was perhaps indebted to the agency of this mystic blossom for the crown of England. It was with his hostess, at that time wife of the Duke of Brittagne, that Henry exchanged his token of good will and remembrance.

☞ Love is of such superlative worth that it is more honorable to be its victim than its conqueror.

A SEAT OF SIMPLE YET ELEGANT CONSTRUCTION, DESIGNED FOR INTRODUCTION INTO CROWDED ASSEMBLIES, BY THE DISTINGUISHED INVENTOR, ARCHIMEDES SMITH.

Agricultural.

WHAT KIND OF CULTURE PAYS BEST?

To illustrate the truth, we would impress upon every reader, let us take two fields, side by side—one of 20 acres, and one of 10 acres, both sown to wheat last year; market price of the land is $30 per acre:

FIRST FIELD (20 ACRES.)	DR.
To Ploughing 20 acres, at $1.50	$30
" 20 bushels of seed, at $1.00	20
" Sowing and harrowing 20 acres at 50c.	10
" Harvesting 20 acres, at $1.25	25
" Threshing and marketing 240 bushels, at 10c.	24
" Interest on cost of land	43
" Taxes on assessed value	4
" Repairs and interest on first cost of fencing	4
" Gathering stones, and sundry expenses	4
	$173
Credit by 240 bushels of wheat, at $1	$240
Net profit	$67

SECOND FIELD (10 ACRES.)	DR.
To Ploughing 10 acres, at $1.50	$15
" 15 bushels seed, at $1	15
" Sowing and harrowing 10 acres, at 50c.	5
" Harvesting 10 acres, at $1.30	13
" Threshing and marketing 120 bushels, at 10c.	12
" Interest on cost of land	21
" Taxes on 10 acres, assessed at $30	2
" Repairs and interest on cost of fencing	2
" Gathering stones and incidentals	2
	$83
Credit by 150 bushels of wheat, at $1	$150
Net profit on 10 acres	$67

The above figures are worth studying. By raising the yield from 12 to 17 bushels per acre, we get $10 more profit from 10 acres than from 20. The several items, cost of land, expenses of collecting, etc., are put at a fair, moderate rate—too low if anything—and they are the same in each case. If we increase these expenses, it will increase the net profit in favor of the smaller field. The same estimates will answer for corn, oats, potatoes, etc. *None for the lesson taught.* Does any one doubt that it would be easy to increase the yield five bushels per acre by taking one half of the first field and cultivating it thoroughly, ploughing it deep, subsoiling and draining when necessary, and manuring —in short, treating it as you would if trying to obtain a premium from an Agricultural Society? Would it cost over $20 per acre to put it in a condition to yield this increased crop *every year*? Certainly not. Then why not sell off ten acres, and expend two-thirds of the proceeds upon the other ten acres, and save the one third for other purposes.

Farmers cultivate too much land. If they will take into account the extra cost of tilling a large surface for the same crop, they can but discover that a little land well tilled will *pay* better and involve less care than the same expense on a large surface. You may laugh at our notions of "high farming," but we have on our side the *facts*, the figures, and —the "climax." Stick a pin here!—*American Agriculturist.*

EXPERIMENT IN GRASS CULTURE.—An old agriculturist gives in the Mark Lane Express, (England), the following accidental experiment in grass culture: In laying down land to permanent grass, he found the first year's growth invariably the best; and that afterward the coarser grasses choked out the finer sorts. Many years ago his hired man mistook orders, and accidentally ploughed nearly half an acre in the wrong field. This was in the fall, and the land remained with the roots of the grasses thoroughly exposed to the atmosphere throughout the winter. In the spring it was carefully turned back and rolled. By this means the quality and quantity of the grass were so greatly improved, that the exact line, where the plough had gone, might be easily seen for years afterward.

FRUIT TREES IN THE VICINITY OF BARN YARDS.—It would be well, says the Saratoga Farmer, if farmers would surround their barn yards and pig-pens with fruit trees. Such trees bear abundantly, and heavy crops of plums can often be obtained in such places, as the stung fruit is sure to be picked up and devoured as soon as it falls, thus preventing the increase of the curculio. Apples, pears, cherries, and all other fruit, do well or the same reason, and they are also provided with a plentiful amount of liquid manure from the drainage of the barn yard.

DWARF BEES.

In August, 1856, two of my small artificial colonies produced a large number of dwarf bees, scarcely larger than the smallest houseflies. Four of them hardly equalled an ordinary worker in bulk. It was amusing to see these Lilliputian creatures sporting with equal zeal and zest among their full-sized mates, and laughable to see them returning to their hives with miniature pellets of pollen on their thighs, or darting forth with the fierceness of pent-up wrath, to repel the assault of robbers. The sting inflicted by them was painful. There were several thousands of them, and the greater part lived till winter set in. On examination, it was found that they had originated in a comb which had been broken off and slipped down between two others, so as to rest on the bottom of the hive. A large number of the cells were much compressed laterally, and hence, doubtless, the diminutive size of the workers which were reared in them.—*American Bee Journal.*

A SHREWD FARMER.—The other day, says the *Ayr Advertiser*, in a not unknown part of Carrick, an exhibition of meal took place, and two prizes were promised to the first and second best samples. When the time for exhibiting arrived, there was only one sample of meal forwarded. But the owner of this solitary lot did not relish it being taken away as it came, without gaining any meed of "praise or pudding." So, with canny cautiousness, what does he do but divide his sample of meal into two portions, and getting a neighboring farmer to exhibit the other half, he obtained from the judges the first prize for the one portion, and the second for the other.

YIELD OF BERRIES PER ACRE.—A writer in the Ohio Cultivator, says that two thousand quarts per acre is not an uncommon yield for the first crop of the American Black Cap Raspberry, and that an average yield of three thousand quarts per acre can be obtained by a careful selection of plants and good culture. This, however, does not equal the strawberry crop of a farmer in North-Eastern Ohio, whose average product this season from about thirty varieties was at the rate of 2,240 quarts per acre, whilst Monroe Scarlet, Moyamensing Pine, and Wilson's Albany, gave 5,000 quarts per acre.

THISTLES.—The following rustic doggerel, from the Farmer's Magazine, should be learned by heart, by those whose farms are troubled with thistles:

"If thistles be cut in April,
They appear in a little while;
If in May,
They peep out the next day:
If cut in June,
They reappear very soon;
If in July,
They'll hardly die;
But if cut in August,
Die they must!"

RENOVATION.—The editor of the New England Farmer, says that a gentleman residing in Cambridge informs him that charcoal placed around the roots of the diseased peach stock was serviceable. He immediately removed the soil from around the trunk of a sickly tree in his garden, supplied its place with charcoal, and was surprised at its sudden renovation and subsequent rapidity of growth, and the tenacity with which the fruit held on the branches, and the unusual richness of its flavor when matured.

MULCHING WHEAT WITH BUCKWHEAT.—Dr. C. Harlan, of Wilmington, Del., advocates sowing buckwheat with wheat in the fall. He says the buckwheat will often grow two feet high before the frost kills it. It will prevent the winds from sweeping the earth away from the tender roots, and will assist in preventing the frost from throwing out the crop; and when spring returns, it will rot down and assist to nourish the young plant when it most needs it.

MANNER.—There is as much in manner as matter. An old lawyer being asked for some advice as to the best mode of securing success at the bar, replied: "Speak loud, long, and positively, and it will make but little difference what you say." Lung-power, perseverance and self-confidence are wonderful aids to the orator. Without them the greatest abilities are of little use to him. An old clergyman of great reasoning powers and ample stores of learning, whose sermons were always deep, but comparatively ineffective, being asked how much of a sermon is due to manner, answered, "Three-fourths."

THE ORIGIN AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE EAR-RING.—The Rabbis assert that Eve's ears were bored when she was exiled from Eden, as a sign of slavery and submission to man, her master. If so, the slaves have since found a way to make their masters atone for this humiliation; the latter must pay dearly for the diamond badges of their wives' servitude. Since then, not money alone have these pretty baubles cost; blood has been poured forth in torrents to procure them for some capricious fair one, while the sacrifice of them has, at other times, been attended with the most fatal results. The golden calf was made entirely from the golden ear-rings of the people—probably the same they had borrowed of the Egyptians, and neglected to return—and three thousand men paid with their lives the unworthy use to which the jewels were put. We find also that the ephod, made of the ear-rings of the princes of Midian, "became a snare unto Gideon, and to his house." Among the Arabs, the expression, *to have a ring in one's ear*, is synonymous with *to be a slave*. When one man submits to the will of another, he is said to have placed in his ear the ring of obedience.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Infinite are the consequences which follow from a single, and often apparently a very insignificant circumstance. Paley narrowly escaped being a baker. Cromwell was near being strangled in his cradle by a monkey; here was this wretched ape wielding in his paws the destinies of nations. Henry VIII. is smitten with the beauty of a girl of eighteen; and ere long "the Reformation beams from Bullen's eyes." Charles Wesley refuses to go with his wealthy namesake to Ireland; and the inheritance which would have been his goes to build up the fortunes of a Wellesley instead of a Wesley; and to this decision of a school boy (as Mr. Southey observes), Methodism may owe its existence, and England its military, its civil, and political glory.

THE MORAL STANDARD.—To wrestle vigorously and successfully with any vicious habit, we must not merely be satisfied with contending on the low ground of worldly prudence, though that is of use, but take stand upon a higher moral elevation. Mechanical aids, such as pledges, may be of service to some, but the great thing is to set up a high standard of thinking and acting, and endeavor to strengthen and purify the principles, as well as to reform the habits. For this purpose a youth must study himself, watch his steps, and compare his thoughts and acts with this rule. The more knowledge of himself he gains, the humbler will he be, and perhaps the less confident in his own strength. But the discipline will be found most valuable which is acquired by resisting small present gratifications to secure a prospective greater and higher one.

Useful Receipts.

PUMPKIN SOUP is a very favorite dish in many parts of France, especially with the juveniles; and when in season, there is not a school, college, hospital, convent, or monastery, where it is not made; a proof that it must be very wholesome. In England, whose climate will not allow its arriving at the same size as on the Continent, the *Vegetable Marrow*, the *American Butter Squash* and the *Mammoth Gourd* will replace it.

Cut about two pounds of the flesh of the pumpkin or gourd into large dice, put it into your pan, with three ounces of salt butter or fat; add two teaspoonfuls of salt, the same of sugar, a little pepper, and half a pint of water; set on the fire, and stew gently for twenty minutes. When in pulp, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, stir round, and moisten with three pints of either milk, skim-milk, or water, boil ten minutes longer, and serve with fried or toasted bread, cut in dice.

NEW SPRING AND AUTUMN SOUP.—A most refreshing and exquisite soup. At the end of the London season, when the markets are full of everything, and few to partake of them, this soup can be made as a bonne bouche:—

Wash, dry, and cut up four cabbage lettuces, and one cos ditto, a handful of sorrel, a little tarragon and chervil, and two or three small cucumbers peeled and sliced; put into a saucepan a quarter of a pound of butter, then set in the vegetables; put on a slow fire, and stir often, until there is no liquid remaining; add two tablespoonfuls of flour, mix well, and moisten with two quarts of broth or water, and set it to boil; when boiling, add a pint of green peas, two teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar, a little pepper and salt; when the peas are tender, serve. If you use water, increase the quantity of seasoning.—*Soyer's Cookery for the People.*

TO REVIVE GILT FRAMES.—Beat up three ounces of the white of eggs with an ounce of soda; blow the dust from the frame with a bellows; then rub them over with a soft brush dipped in the mixture.

CHOCOLATE DROPS.—Reduce two ounces of chocolate to fine powder by scraping, and add it to one and a half or two pounds of finely powdered sugar; moisten the paste with clear water, and beat it over a fire until it runs smooth and will not spread too much when dropped out; then drop it regularly on a smooth piate.

POWDER FOR RATS.—H. H. Ballard, Owen county, Kentucky, writes to the American Agriculturist that with one quarter of a pound of gunpowder he can keep every rat from his premises for a year. "The powder is not used to drive a bullet or shot through the animals, but is simply burned in small quantities, say a teaspoonful in a place, along their usual paths, and at the holes where they come out, with proper precautions to prevent accidents from fire. He says he has proved its efficacy by repeated trials. The rat has a keen sense of smell, and if he has sense enough to know that he is not wanted, when he perceives the odor of the burnt powder, the remedy will be of great value. Let our friends report if the value of this method can be ratified.

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 61 letters.

My 11, 61, 52, 36, 7, was the founder of Nineveh.
My 37, 43, 22, 47, is the mount where Moses died.
My 31, 4, 59, 15, 16, 41, 60, is a book of the New Testament.
My 2, 13, 40, was a Hebrew measure of liquids.
My 16, 24, 11, 56, 13, 50, 6, was a pious woman of Rome.
My 17, 42, 35, 38, 2, 57, is an island of the Mediterranean mentioned in Scripture.
My 16, 25, 49, 58, 10, 24, 30, 36, 60, was the first Gentile convert.
My 19, 15, 29, 33, 7, was used in consecrating priests.
My 55, 6, 32, 55, 26, is the supposed mount on which Christ was transfigured.
My 51, 21, 34, 6, 58, was one of the six cities of refuge in Israel.
My 54, 28, 48, 53, 27, is one-ninth the number of Baal's prophets.
My 45, 23, 18, 20, 8, was endured by Christ.
My 1, 9, 46, 11, 31, 39, 17, 15, was a city of Asia Minor.
My 20, 15, 7, 49, 5, 44, is the way to Heaven.
My 22, 54, 61, 41, 50, 14, was Governor of Judea.

My whole may be found among the proverbs of Solomon.

N. Carolina. "KELTUR."

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 18, 29, 6, was a title of Pluto.
My 5, 4, 13, 1, 2, 10, 30, was Jupiter's nurse.
My 23, 22, 11, 3, 6, were worshiped as household gods.
My 16, 27, 24, 8, 20, was a mighty hunter.
My 9, 10, 28, 19, 17, 34, 22, was a wife of Neptune.
My 23, 30, 26, 7, 15, 8, 20, was a son of Priam.
My 24, 1, 12, 6, was the son of Tereus and Progne.
My 7, 29, 11, 7, 3, was a famous enchantress.
My 2, 12, 15, 10, 19, 22, was the goddess of health.
My 14, 23, 16, 27, 30, was the goddess of flowers.

My whole created great excitement in the year 1849.

St. Clair Co., Ill. C. C. STUNTZ.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 20, 16, 19, 21, 15, is a lake in Syria.
My 9, 18, 12, 6, 7, 2, is a town in Russia.
My 12, 18, 3, 5, 13, 9, 2, is a town in Egypt.
My 4, 12, 23, 17, 15, is a river in England.
My 5, 8, 22, 2, 14, is a celebrated mountain in Asia.
My 4, 12, 14, 22, 8, 15, 24, is a county in Texas.
My 10, 2, 14, 22, 3, 6, is an island south of China.
My 1, 11, 2, 19, 7, is a town in New Hampshire.

My whole is the way to wealth.

Corville, Pitt Co., N. C. W. C. W.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 7 letters, denoting one of Shakspeare's characters.

Omit my 1, 4, 5, 7, and observe what in this play they have to do.

Omit my 1, 4, 6, 7, and you will see one of a pack of cards.

Omit my 4, 6, 7, and transpose, and you have the past tense of a verb.

Omit my 2, 3, 4, and you have a personal pronoun.

Cincinnati, Ohio. WILLIE WINANTS.

CHARADES.

I.

My first is an animal useful to all,
Take care of my second unless you may fall;
My whole in the garden in beauty doth stand,
Until it be plucked by a fair lady's hand. R. C.

II.

My first is a bird, my second an instrument of torture, and my whole a visitor welcome in spring-time.

III.

I am a certain number; add one letter to my name, and I am one less.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose two wheels, the one six feet in diameter and the other ten, be placed on an axle-tree, and set rolling till they describe a circle, what must be the length of the axletree, that the circle made by the small wheel will contain just one acre? And how many times will the larger wheel revolve in making the circles?

Michigan. MANLEY G. C. BOWNE.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two persons were comparing their ages together, when the elder said to the younger, "It appears that there is 50 years difference in our ages, and that the square of the number of years of my age is 59 more than 10 times the square of the years of your age." What were their respective ages? DELTA.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is cold weather like "Boots" in a hotel? Ans.—Because it changes one's shoes into slippers.

☞ If an empty purse could speak, what lover-like speech would it make? Ans.—"You'll find no change in me!"

☞ Why is a hungry brown dog like a man who bakes bread? Ans.—Because he is a *beggar* and *kneads* something to eat.

☞ THE UNITED REPORT OF SIX ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.—What color is it that contains several? Ans.—An umber (*a number*).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—Use temporal but desire eternal things. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The Union School, of Coshocton County, Ohio. RIDDLE—Letter n. CHARADE—Scarlet. CHARADE—Head-ache. PROBLEM—A got 6 yards, $36; B got 8 yards, $64.

Answer to ARITHMETICAL QUESTION by J. F. H., put in bed February 9th.—Time, 227 hours, 24 minutes, 48 seconds; number of rows, 1,005. James received $13.12; Henry, $10.68; Joseph, $8.23. William Bullmer, Phila., Pa., and R. Barto, Schuylkill Co., Pa. W. G. B., Salem, Ohio, gives time 227 hours, 6 45 minutes, the other answer same as above. "Investigator," Princeton, gives time 147 days, of 10 hours each, and 24 minutes.